

Not Fair

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Not Fair

by [JanetBaby99](#)

Summary

“You know,” his voice brightened with a teasing tone so familiar it lit a spark in Dream’s chest, body already feeling lighter in preparation for whatever it was about to come out of the man’s mouth next. “If you married me, you wouldn’t be so lonely.”

Dream had no idea what he was getting into when he agreed to marry George for him to be able to live in the US.

Notes

Hi everyone! This is a secondary account I've made to post this and anything else I might write for this fandom. I know the guys have said they don't mind fanfiction but if they ever say differently, I will more than likely delete this work and account. That being said please enjoy and if you see any typos or problems please let me know, I suck at proofreading :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Dream: Get on discord, I'm lonely :)

George: No :)

Dream's face fell into a pout, lost in the darkness of the room.

Just as he is about to respond, another message illuminated his screen in the darkness.

George: Give me five minutes, just got in bed.

Dream would never admit out loud that the sigh that escaped his lungs was out of relief that George was going to hang out with him even for a minute. At this point, he craved hearing his voice like it was some kind of drug, the need had driven him crazy all day until he sent the desperate text to get him online. Even just a text seemed to satiate his hunger, George's "no" feeling like a breeze on a hot Florida summer day.

He glanced at the clock, surprised to see how late it had gotten already. If it's ten-thirty at night here, it's three-thirty in the morning there. He almost felt bad for making him stay up. Almost.

Something else that was far more selfish inside him felt inherently pleased with the idea of George staying up just to talk to him. The same part of him that did the same for George when the tables were turned, craving his attention day in and day out.

He waited patiently, plucking at the soft wavy hair that had fallen from his half-assed bun, watching the time slowly trickle second after second until he sent a message, exactly five minutes later just to be annoying.

Dream: GEORGE

George: ...

The speech bubbles appeared and then disappeared, leaving a *read at 10:35 p.m* in its place.

He couldn't help the soft snort when he didn't receive a response. George could make his silence so loud when he wanted to. Dream loved it when he irritated him into it, never feeling at all chastised by the lack of response like George meant it to feel.

As punishment, he didn't get the discord call until nearly ten minutes later, something he was sure George did on purpose. That was the real punishment, making Dream wait even longer to hear him.

During that time Dream left his gaming room, assuming since George is in bed, he probably isn't going to get out and want to play a game together. He made his way to his bed as well, stripping his shirt and climbing into the soft pile of blankets. The spring temperatures weren't unbearable like the summer was, just airing on warm enough to sleep without a shirt but still cool enough to need blankets.

Patches entered the room soon after hearing the creak of the mattress, curling up in a fluffy ball at the end of the bed, soft snores filling the quiet room. He sat up, petting her sweetly until she shifted restlessly, silently letting him know she was trying to sleep, making him chuckle and stop.

He relaxed back against the pillows, the soft comfort the bed offered pulling his eyes shut with every breath. It is a bit early to go to bed but he had to admit he probably needed the sleep, resolving to at least try to rest after talking with George for a while.

Finally, his phone dinged with an incoming call on discord.

His stomach gave an unwarranted flip when he accepted the call.

“Hi Georgie,” he grinned immediately.

A quiet shuffle of blankets on the receiver drowned out the sounds of their breathing before George spoke, his voice quiet and gruff with sleep. “Hi Dream.”

“Whatcha doin?”

George grumbled. “I *was* about to be asleep, what are you doing?”

Dream shrugged as if George could see him through the phone. “I *was* lonely.”

“You know,” his voice brightened with a teasing tone so familiar it lit a spark in Dream’s chest, body already feeling lighter in preparation for whatever it was about to come out of the man’s mouth next. “If you married me, you wouldn’t be so lonely.”

Dream gave a startled wheezed, surprised that George would bring that back up. It was one thing, joking on stream about it where there were viewers to entertain and friends to joke with. This felt different.

“This again, huh,” Dream recovered quickly, teasingly replying. “You want to get married that badly?”

“Maybe I do.”

“Maybe I do too.” Dream replied immediately, just a hair too fast.

“Then let’s do it!” George exclaimed, suddenly energized.

Dream spluttered, face heating up. “Wha- No!”

“Dreeaaamm,” George whined loudly. “Come on, it would be a great idea.”

“It would not!” He insisted, giggling quietly into his pillow. “No, that’s like a crime or something right? I watched *The Proposal* its gotta be the same thing.”

And I’ve been in love with you for months now. How the fuck am I supposed to pretend that I’m not if we’re married??

“When the hell did you watch *The Proposal* ?” George teased, smile seeping in his tone like honey.

“I have sisters!” Dream cried, unwilling to admit he watched it out of his own volition one day a few weeks ago. “And you know what Ryan Reynolds is hot.”

“He is.” George thought contemplatively for a moment. “Okay, it’s kind of like that I guess.”

Dream *almost* missed the admission.

He exploded quickly before the conversation could move past the moment, “You’ve seen it too!!”

“Maybe I have!” George yelled back, a chime of laughter to his voice. “It’s different though, it’s not a crime.”

Dream scoffed, quickly typing in google, reading out his search as he typed “Is it illegal to marry someone for a green card?”

He scanned the pages that came up, George waiting patiently on the other end. “Yes, Wikipedia says A marriage that is solely for purposes of obtaining legal residence is considered a sham and is

a crime in the United States for both participants.”

George sobered up a little at that, the constant hint of amusement in his words dying out briefly.

“Okay yeah, so vaguely a crime. Still, it’s different from the movie.”

“How.” Dream snorted. “How is it any different?”

“He didn’t love her before they got engaged to get her a visa, only after, and *then* they got married for real,” George stated matter of factly. “You love me now, so it’s almost like we’re getting married for real. It’s different.”

Dream’s face erupted in flames, thankful that George couldn’t see him blushing like a mad man.

“What does that mean Georgie?” he tried to keep the banter up and not let his thoughts drift to what it would be like to marry George for real. “You don’t love me too?”

He could practically hear the bashful grin over the phone, wishing he could see his face. “Of course I love you, idiot. That’s why it’ll work.”

“No way,” Dream backtracked despite the rare admission of affection from the man. “What if we got caught and had to like... answer questions like they did in the movie?”

“Oh please,” George scoffed, Dream being able to read his tone so well by now he knew that the man had just rolled his eyes, or at the very least gave an exasperated look. “We know everything about each other, it would be a breeze.”

Almost everything, Dream thought distantly, picking at his nail absentmindedly for something to do with his hands. *You don’t know how much I want you, how I need to hear your voice more than I need to breathe you don’t know-*

“You don’t even know what I look like,” he continued to bring up the negatives to the situation to keep them both grounded before they took the idea and ran with it. “What if I’m like, really *really* ugly? And you don’t even know that until we’re already married.”

“Dream,” George sighed. “I don’t care what you look like, you know that.”

He did know that. George made that very clear. Every time Dream got a wild hair up his ass and felt the urge to reveal his face George would remind him before he inevitably chickened out.

Dream was just waiting for the day to come when he gets fed up with him never showing what he looked like with all these close attempts and all his stupid questions he asked every time he takes the picture, thumb hovering over send before he deletes it completely.

“Besides, it’s not like we have to be attracted to each other, we aren’t going to be in an actual relationship. It’s just for show.”

Right.

Dream wasn’t even sure why those words cut like a knife. He knew that whatever it was that they were discussing if they decided to go in that this wasn’t going to be real. They weren’t mutually in love with one another or doing this for anything more than benefits. Still, he couldn’t help the ache of longing that pained through his veins.

When Dream stayed quiet for too long trapped in his thoughts of unrequited love, George started in again to fill the silence. “Come on, think about it. If I had a visa, I could come to stay with you for as long as I want to and not get in any kind of trouble. And if I wanted I could even go see Quackity or anyone else in the states too, no problem. I would literally get to see you and Sapnap every single day. That would be so much fun.”

“Yeah, but would you even want to do that?” Dream asked, doubtful, pulled from the vacuum of his thoughts.

“Yes. 100%. If you married me, I would come to stay with you for like. A year, minimum. We could travel and do all kinds of things together, record videos, stream, I don’t even care.”

Dream couldn’t express in words how great that sounded.

This insane idea was starting to make more and more sense and that is *dangerous* .

“Wouldn’t you miss your family?”

“I’ll visit or something. It’s kind of like... studying abroad if I was still in college. Just without the actual studying part.”

Dream snorted into the pillow. “You sound like you have it all figured out.”

“Maybe I do,” George sniped back, a soundless defensiveness to his words.

Comfortable, contemplative silence stood between the two for a moment before Dream groaned, partly in fear of breaking the law, partly in excitement. It felt like two kids planning a sleepover without their parents knowing yet. “What if we get caught? Or go to jail?”

“I don’t know. Do you think it’s worth it? Or that we will get caught?”

Dream had no idea.

Was it worth it? An entire year with George just one room away?

“I guess...”

This was not how the night was supposed to go, he began to panic as the words fell out of his mouth that felt like cotton.

“George,”

Blood thudded in his ears so loud he couldn’t even hear George on the other end.

“Will you marry me?”

Absently he realized his hands were shaking wildly, around the phone, gripping it so tightly his knuckles were white under the illumination of the screen.

“Yes!” George yelled excitedly, shuffles of his blankets again as he bounced in his bed, the springs echoing. “Yes, Dream I will marry you. Really?”

Dream dropped the phone as if it had burnt him.

Elation, fear, pure dread. It felt like he was feeling every emotion under the sun all at once before settling on pure unadulterated happiness.

“Yes really. For realsies,” his throat felt tight. “A totally, mostly platonic marriage.”

“Yes oh, my God,” George sighed. “This is going to be so fun. We’re gonna do so much stuff together.”

“I’m so excited,” Dream’s words were breathless sounding even to him. “What do we do now?”

Dream walked through the innocuous front door. It wasn’t his home, but he never felt calmer coming here, wherever here was exactly.

Someone was here. Who? He could see the figure, a blurry shadow, edges of him fuzzy.

“Hey, Dreamy baby.”

Oh, Dream likes that. Dreamy baby. He wanted to hear that more.

Those words were so cheesy but Dream felt like he was floating when he heard them, in fact, he couldn't force himself to look down but he was almost positive he actually was floating.

“Hey George,” he cooed back, wrapping his arms around the figure.

Suddenly he was across the kitchen, and when had they got in the kitchen? Dream chased him only for him to disappear again and again in a never-ending cycle that left him running in circles, never able to catch him.

Dream woke with a start and a jump.

He glanced over at the bedside table, red lights of his clock glaring back 5:46 a.m. at him.

He groaned, limbs flailing out wildly to knock the heavy blankets off his overheated body. The sheen of sweat on the back of his neck and knees made him stick to the sheets even when he scooted to a less damp area, inescapably uncomfortable.

He laid in the darkness catching his breath, the only sound filling the air being Patches' lazy snores and his own deep breathing as he woke up more and more.

As he came back down to earth from whatever wild dream he had been in, he couldn't help but drift back to their conversations that night, unable to process either event fully. It seemed every moment of his life focused on George lately, he thought vaguely, awake or asleep.

The rashness of it all gave him a heady feeling. They were going 100 miles an hour straight into this situation, too fast to think about anything except how to not crash and burn.

He and George had stayed on the phone for three hours after he asked him to marry him, hashing out details, the next step they needed to take, and bullshitting about what their future wedding would look like. They both took turns insisting that the other would wear the dress, briefly stopping to agree that Sapnap should officiate and Patches could be the ring bearer.

Finally, they settled on a courthouse-style wedding with no fancy get-up or celebration. They would sign the documents and be done. George of course was going to have to tell his family, and their friends would be clued in when George is suddenly living in America with Dream. Sapnap was already going to wake up to an ominous message just saying “Guess who just got married :D” from George and a “he said yes :D” from Dream.

None of them could know that it was a sham though. Well, maybe Sapnap since he lived with him. He'd probably figure out what was going on the second he read those texts. Dream figured they needed to have a talk in the morning and make sure Sapnap would be okay with doing this, but he couldn't see a world in which he would object to it.

The least who knew it was anything but legitimate the better though. At least it was fairly easy to sell for George. He had said his sister already thought they were secretly dating. All he had to do was convince them it was a brash, young, and in love decision to up and marry his long-term secret boyfriend and move across the world to be with him.

Dream wasn't sure what to do about his family. Clue them in? Let them believe they were actually getting married? He had no idea. He couldn't imagine the look of betrayal on his sister's face if she ever found out, or the look of disappointment from his mom.

He almost thought to not tell them at all. Just tell them George was visiting him and hope they

wouldn't question it. It's not like they were in a relationship and he would want George to meet his family.

Their marriage would be unconventional at best in practice. There would be no sharing a bed or loving dotting on each other. No morning breath kisses or soft touches over breakfast or bickering before going to bed together. Sure they already fought like an old married couple and doted on each other online, but in a different sense.

Dream wanted it though, so badly it hurt. He wanted the conventional marriage. He had enough fantasies to fill a novel or two, most of them weren't even dirty. His favorite one was where they would tease each other mercilessly but it ends in Dream kissing the pout off George's lips. Or waking up at odd hours like now to George's sleep talk, mumbling about blocks and subscribers and Dream. Even mundane things managed to worm their way into his daydreams like taking him a plate of dinner during a stream when he knew he wasn't going to eat otherwise or George making him coffee in the mornings.

He just wanted George in his entirety, with or without a flimsy contract binding them together. The slight dull ache of unreciprocated love thudded in his heart. He had it so bad for him and had for a while now. The coming year was looking harder and harder for him to get through.

Dream rolled over with a huff and a resolution. He could do it. He could have a nice, slightly law-breaking, year-long marriage with his best friend and then get a divorce like it never happened. He wasn't going to push his feelings on him or try to get him to love him back or do anything else to heap or fix their friendship. They could be still friends just like they always were. Easy.

Right?

Dream woke to the sun glaring out from the gap in his curtains right in his eye.

He groaned, rolling over and burying his face in his pillow with a sleepy huff. Between staying up all night to talk and having strange dreams, he was exhausted.

Still, he could hear the faint clinks and rattles of the fridge opening and shut and cat food being poured in the kitchen.

He and Sapnap needed to talk. It would be impolite to just invite someone to live with them both without asking him right? Or at least that's what Dream figured.

With a huff he sat up, tugging his shirt back on before he left the warm bed completely.

Patches sat impatiently at the door, pawing at it every now and then. The second he opened it she was off, racing down the hallway to the kitchen to get to her food.

Dream followed much slower, glad to see Sap still in the kitchen, leaning against the cabinets and shoveling feral into his mouth like a starving man.

Sapnap always looked good in the mornings, Dream thought absently. He looked good all the time, but in the morning his wild black hair wasn't stuffed under his usual white headband, still mussed from sleep. He never cared to wear pants, shuffling around in boxers and a hoodie. This morning he chose one with Dream's merch, a big smiley face stretched across his broad chest.

"Don't choke," Dream snorted, crossing the kitchen to pour himself some as well.

At least he got used to his constant attraction to Sapnap eventually, maybe it would be the same for George.

“Don’t choke on my dick,” he grumbled back through the cereal.

While Sapnap finished chewing his giant mouthful, Dream made a bowl and leaned up against the opposite counter, shooting Sapnap a grateful smile when a cup of coffee was slid towards him.

“So you’re marrying George huh?” Sap huffed. “Are y’all gonna do something fun on the SMP like have a ceremony stream?”

“Ha, umm... no not quite,” he scratched the back of his head. “We’re getting married for real.” Sapnap gave him a puzzled look. “For real?”

“So he can come live with us for a bit. If that’s cool with you.”

The younger immediately deadpanned. “That’s illegal, Dream.”

“Yeah.” he agreed, unable to come up with an argument against it.

“... Okay, yeah I guess if y’all are good with ya know... possibly going to jail,” he shrugged, taking another bite. “Sounds fun.”

Dream felt some tension bleed out of his shoulders with the relief of Sapnap’s approval. “So it’s okay?”

“Yeah,” Sapnap agreed enthusiastically. “Of course, my two best friends living in the same house? Hell yeah, man. When?”

“As soon as his papers go through,” Dream gulped, excited fear making a home in the pit of his stomach.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Six months after the papers were filed, George arrives in America as Dream's fiance.

Chapter Notes

If my computer corrects Sapnap to Subpoena one more time imma break it lmao. Also I apologize if this chapter or any others go fast in places, I got scared that it would be boring but I think I made the pacing weird. I hope you enjoy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

6 months.

6 long months filled with “oh god what are we doing” and “holy shit we’re gonna get in so much trouble” before George’s paperwork went through.

“It’s done?” Dream asked, falling a few blocks in the game in surprise.

“It’s done,” George repeated breathlessly. “Holy shit.”

Sapnap gave a small, happy whoop.

“I thought it could take up to 9 months?” *I thought I would have more time to prepare myself.*

“Dream,” George’s voice was no more than a whisper. Dream couldn’t help but wonder if he was feeling the same sort of way as him.

Dream couldn’t be more thankful that none of them were streaming at the moment. He couldn’t imagine having to interact with viewers while receiving this news. He drew his leg underneath himself, curling up and swiveling nervously in his gaming chair, leather sticking to his skin from sitting in the same position for a few hours now.

It was August now, the air sticky with the dying summer heat that made him feel sluggish and sticky even in the house.

“Okay,” he spoke finally, looking around his room like something in there would tell him what to do next. Fanart, Minecraft merch, and other random gaming accessories stared back, giving him nothing to work with. “Okay so now...”

“Now I have 90 days to marry you.”

Dream realized neither he nor George had moved in-game since George had said anything. He tried to focus long enough to push the little green blob further up the mountain but gave up after just a few steps. “Are you ready to come here then? Or do you need some time to get things in order or something?”

Every word he spoke was filled with uncertainty, despite having half a year to plan this.

“No, yeah,” George trailed off.

“No yeah? The fuck does that mean,” Sapnap teased lightly.

“Fuck off,” his voice was affection despite the harsh words. “I’m trying to think. I don’t have anything I need to do any time soon. I guess I just need to pack and tell my family.”

Dream pulled up a separate window on his screen, already searching for a plane ticket. “How much time do you need to pack?”

“I dunno. It can’t be that hard, like a day or two? It’s not like I need to bring furniture or anything ridiculous like that. It’s literally just clothes and stuff I can’t get there.”

“Do you want to fly in next week? Monday?”

“Yeah, that sounds great!” George exclaimed. “Which site did you find the ticket at, I’ll buy it right now-“

“I just did,” Dream leaned back in his chair, the little confirmation number at the top of the screen.

“What?! Dream!”

Dream laughed. “What?”

Dream could hear the little pout in his voice. “I was going to buy it.”

“Well, too late I already did. I sent it to your email.”

“Thank you, Dream,” George cooed. “You can’t just buy me stuff all the time though.”
Dream furrowed his brow. “Why not?”

He did it for Sapnap all the time. Or at least tried to when he could get away with it without Sapnap getting onto him for it.

“You’re... heh,” George laughed. “If you do then you’re like my sugar daddy or something. Daddy Dream thing all over again.”

Dream blushed, hiding his face behind his hand briefly. “WHAT? WHa-WHAT?”
Sapnap laughed uncontrollably, George joining in.

He quickly tried to regain composure, sputtering out “hey, anything for my future husband.”

Sapnap gagged.

George giggled.

Dream was having heart palpitations.

Things began to settle after a while, everyone turning their attention back to the game slowly but surely. George groaned on about how his parents would react and how much trouble he was probably going to get into, unsure if he should tell him he was leaving before or after he was already in America. He settled on after.

They also discussed the layout of the house and how George could choose if he wanted to stay on

the top floor with Sapnap or if he wanted to stay on the bottom with Dream. There are spare bedrooms on each floor that had been converted into gaming rooms when Sapnap and Dream had first gotten the house. There was still an office that they could use instead for streams on the bottom floor, it had only been easier to use the spare bedrooms at the time instead since they were just down the hall from each of their bedrooms.

“Umm,” George thought. “It doesn’t matter to me, whoever doesn’t mind giving up their gaming room.”

“It’s fine with me,” Dream said a little too quickly. “You can have that bedroom and we can share the office.”

Upstairs, Sapnap rolled his eyes with a huff but didn’t comment.

With arrangements being settled on, the next week Sapnap cleaned the house while Dream cleaned out the bedroom. He moved his belongings into the office just off to the side of the living room and kitchen, trying not to clutter it too much so George would have space to decorate too.

The dining table was mostly unused, piled with mail, pans that never got put away, boxes of items from companies or fans. The rest of the house was well kept, save for the cat hair that clung to every surface possible.

Between the two of them, the work was easy. They reset all of Dream’s equipment and knick-knacks, made the house presentable, bought a bed, and put it together with minimal bickering. Before they knew it, George was flying in the next day.

Dream couldn’t sleep, but that was nothing new. Thankfully it seemed George couldn’t sleep either. The company was much appreciated, Sapnap having long since passed out, leaving it just them to text back and forth.

George: how am I supposed to know it’s you at the airport?

Dream: you won’t it’ll be a surprise

George: no you can’t do that to me, come on Dream

Dream snorted, nuzzling into his pillow, phone held just inches from his nose, completely enraptured.

Dream: I’ll wear one of my hoodies. And Sap will be with me

George: isn’t it really hot there? It’s summer, right?

Dream: oh shit

Dream: ok so maybe not a hoodie

Dream: I’ll wear a hat then. Like a bright green one

George: I can’t even see green

George: you’re such an idiot lmao

Dream: alright then... I don’t know. You’ll just know it’s me

George: how would I know that

Dream: because you're my George <3

His stomach dropped as he sent the text, waiting.

And waiting.

Dream: George?

George: sorry I fell asleep

Dream let out the breath he didn't know he had been holding, tension bleeding from his shoulders.

Dream: Go to sleep then. I'll see you tomorrow

George: Yeah yeah, I'll know it's you because you're my Dream. Gn

Dream didn't get much sleep after that.

Every person that wasn't George who walked out of the airport agitated Dream more and more.

Agitated wasn't the right word for it, Dream conceded to himself. He wasn't agitated, just on edge. Everything was happening at once and it made him want to go hide in the car: meeting George for the first time, a face reveal that he had put off doing for far too long and now it felt weird, the reality of the situation they were in. It was all too much.

Lost in thought, he missed the worried looks Sarnap continuously gave him at the antsy behavior, bouncing leg and thumb drumming against the armrest like hummingbird wings.

Suddenly fingers threaded through his, stopping the movement and pulling him from his thoughts.

Looking down, Sarnap had a hold of his hand, a worried look in his dark eyes.

"You okay?" he asked, squeezing his hand gently.

Dream didn't know if he wanted to pull away or lean into him entirely. "Yeah, I'm good."

"You know if you wanted to go wait in the car, George wouldn't fault you for it."

How did Sarnap read his mind so easily as to know what he wanted down to the T?

"It's fine. I'll be fine," Dream didn't let go of his hand. It felt grounding to hold onto him, even when their skin grew hot and palms sweaty in the humidity that is Florida.

Besides, they were just holding hands as homies. He had long since given up on it being anything more.

Dream wore the green hat just like he had said he would just for the laughs, golden hair hanging out some underneath to frame his face. He had spent just a little too long trying to get dressed that morning, changing shirts and shaking his hair over and over to push it where he wanted it.

Sarnap had commented that he looked good when he came out of his room, Dream returning the compliment tenfold. Sarnap wore a plain white shirt and dark washed jeans, hair pushed off his forehead with the signature white headband he always wore. He always managed to look effortlessly hot.

He scratched nervously at the hat with his free hand, resisting the urge to pull it off and shake his hair free.

“Where is he?” Dream asked impatiently as if Sapnap had more information than he did.

“Dream.”

“What?”

Sapnap squeezed his hand again, Gesturing across the terminal.

A blob of familiar brown hair in the crowd.

Hand in hand, the pair stood, weaving their way closer. George had made his way to the luggage area, picking up his suitcase from the carousel. He kept looking up now and then with a lost look on his cute face.

Eventually, he spotted Sapnap, the small frown dissolving into a ridiculously big grin.

He wiggled his way through the people around him, half-assed apologies falling from his mouth the entire time. Sapnap did the same, pulling Dream along until there was a small space unpopulated where they could get to each other.

George dropped his suitcase with abandon, launching himself into Sapnap at full speed whose arms were held open in invitation. Sap let out an oof at the impact, making them both giggle.

Dream stood awkwardly for a moment, unsure what he was supposed to do since he hadn’t been acknowledged yet. His hand felt cold from where Sap had dropped it to catch George, winding it into his shirt anxiously.

Before he had the chance to decide on what to do with himself, George pulled back, eyes flashing up to Dream’s nervously. “Dream?”

His voice was so soft it was partially drowned out in the noise of the people around them, accent strong and far more clear than it was online no matter how nice of a mic he used.

The computer screen didn’t do him justice. Even dressed down in grey sweatpants and a comfy shirt, George is *pretty*. Fluffy brown hair and eyes so dark his pupils were hardly visible at all with creamy skin that colored pink on his cheeks.

“Hi,” Dream bit out lamely.

Sapnap narrowed his eyes with a scoff. “Hi? That’s it?”

George suddenly flung himself into Dream’s arms, squeezing his chest so hard Dream thought he might break.

Dream hugged back just as fiercely, breathing him in. The generic airplane smells, a hint of cologne, and something he couldn’t place but desperately wanted more of. He wanted to bury his nose into his neck and just inhale until he had it memorized.

Instead, he held on tightly until George lifted his head from Dream’s shoulder and he let him go reluctantly.

The eldest looked up, giving him a toothy grin. “Why are you so tall?”

“Right, that’s what I said first too,” Sapnap laughed, picking up the forgotten suitcase.

“We look like we’re the same height though,” George pretended to measure, drawing his hand

from the top of his head over to Sapnap's who batted him away, dodging.

"It's the shoes!"

Dream huffed, fondness for the two men swelling so tight in his chest he thought it might explode. He hurried to catch up, joining in on the horsing around as they slowly made their way out of the airport.

He ran up between the two, laying his arms around their shoulders. "Should we have gotten you a step stool George?"

George groaned. "I haven't even been in America ten minutes and you're already trying to bully me?"

"I would never bully my fiancé," Dream snickered, ignoring the playful elbow nudge jabbed at his ribs.

As the three fell into an easy banter, Dream couldn't think of how he had gotten so worked up before. Being around the two felt easy, like coming home after being gone all day or climbing into a warm bed on a cold night.

They made their way into a parking garage, locating the car fairly quickly, Sapnap fumbling in his pocket for his keys.

"You are. *Nothing* like I expected," George suddenly spoke, head tilted back and looking up at Dream. His height was perfect to lay up against his shoulder, that fact not lost on Dream from how close they all three had been walking.

"What do you mean?" Dream frowned, popping the trunk and taking the luggage, loading it into the space.

"I don't know. I don't know what I expected you to look like but..."

Dream cringed, thankful that the trunk obscured his face in a small moment of privacy. "Oh."

So that's how it was.

Dream tried not to feel disappointed.

"I think I just expected a green blob maybe. Or like. Green with blond hair."

He gave a weak snort at the obvious joke.

Sapnap didn't comment, sliding into the car to get it started.

"You're such an idiot, George," Dream closed the trunk, hopping in the back seat so George didn't have to sit in the back alone.

George just snorted, oblivious, climbing into the passenger side.

Dream was never really sure what to think of himself. He thought the fanart was pretty accurate, but he knew there was some disconnect from what people thought he looked like versus what he actually did. Maybe George felt that same disconnect.

Maybe Dream fell short of what he expected.

He did his best not to dwell on it.

“It’s so humid,” George whined, pulling at the collar of his shirt.

“Yeah, it gets pretty hot here,” Sapnap smiled. “It’s not long until its fall though.”

“What do you guys have planned for the rest of the day? It’s still early.”

Dream did his best to rejoin the conversation. “Nothing really. We can help you unpack and do whatever the rest of the day,” he tore his eyes away from George for the first time since he had gotten here, choosing instead to stare out the window.

“Okay. Jeez, it’s only 12:30. It should be like what, 4:30 back home? I’m going to be so jet-lagged.”

Dream lost himself out the window, letting his mind turn off. Palm trees and endless cars rolled past as they made their way from the city into the quieter suburbs. Sapnap and George continued to talk but his mind couldn’t decide if he was going to be hyper-aware of them or completely zoned out. He ended up missing most of the conversation regardless.

“Dream?”

He jumped, turning his attention to George who was looking at him with a strange look that Dream couldn’t begin to unravel. “You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah I’m fine.”

“I asked when you wanted to go to the courthouse.”

Dream shrugged. “Whenever. Soon probably.”

“Like tomorrow? Or would that be suspiciously fast,” Dream pondered. They were given 90 days for a wedding supposedly planned out of love. No one would get married that fast right unless it was a scam right?

But they also had 6 months to plan it.

“Probably too soon,” Sapnap spoke. “I’d wait a week or two.”

That made sense. It made it seem as if George was taking the time to settle in and finish planning a reception maybe or a ceremony other than the courthouse.

“Tonight y’all wanna watch a movie?”

“Y’all,” George snickered.

“Shut up,” Sap huffed. “We can make it like a slumber party.”

Hums of agreement sounded throughout the car, suggestions flying from everyone about snacks and what to order for dinner.

The telltale crackle of rocks under tires filled the car as they pulled into the driveway.

“Who’s truck?” George gestured out the window as he unbuckled and the car came to a stop.

“Mine!” Dream said proudly. He wasn’t a car person by any means but he enjoyed his truck.

“Ew.”

The noise ripped a surprised snort from Dream who hurried to cover his mouth to hide the laughter

that escaped him. “Ew? What the fuck George what do you mean Ew?”

“Don’t Republicans drive trucks?”

“I am not!! You’re British the hell does it matter to you anyway?!”

Sapnap spilled from the car, still laughing at Dream’s indignant squawks. George followed with Dream struggling to do the same once it was clear they were both going to leave him back there.

They were already up to the front door before Dream could catch up, unbuckling frantically and flinging himself out after them.

“Patches!” George called over the jingle of Sapnap’s keys, walking straight in while Sapnap stayed at the door with an indignant look. “He pushed me.”

“He likes the cat more than you,” Dream teased lightly, shoving at his arm and receiving a nudge back.

Once inside, Dream kicked his shoes off by the front door while Sapnap tossed his keys in the bowl just beside the entrance, the picture of domesticity side by side.

“Your house is so nice,” George beamed, looking around. “I, heh,” the back of his hand came up to cover his mouth shyly. “I recognize some of it from your snaps you guys have sent me.”

“Weirdo.”

“Freak.”

George glowered at their laughter from his position on the floor, legs crisscrossed underneath himself. Dream was about to ask why he was sitting there when he noticed just a few feet from where George had plopped down at, Patches was sleeping, ignoring them completely.

“Try calling her,” he offered, dropping the teasing act for a while. “She is the sweetest cat in the whole world, she’ll probably answer.”

George hesitated, uncertainty scrunching his nose before quietly he went “pspspspsps. Patches, hi, spsps.”

He has no right being that cute oh my God Dream thought desperately.

Sapnap stood behind him quietly, watching just as intently with the same tender expression that Dream wore.

Stirred by the noise, Patches raised her head from the windowsill, giving a big yawn and stretch. George called her name once more before she stood, prowling over to inspect what was going on.

George’s eyes went wide, features soft and sweet though he didn’t move, letting her come to him first.

“Hi, pretty girl,” he held his hand out when she walked by, her little nose twitching as she sniffed it for a second before headbutting it. She arched her back up, rubbing herself up against his hand in an invitation for pets.

“Ugh,” he sighed happily. “I love cats.”

“You’re gonna steal my cat too huh,” Dream huffed. “She already likes Sapnap better.”

Sap narrowed his eyes. “Yeah, ‘cuz you’re mean to her.”

Dream rolled his eyes, picking up George’s once again abandoned suitcase. “She was literally in

my food!”

The playful banter picked back up in an instant, giving George a minute to love on the cat before he stood and they gave him a tour. It was a fairly open living plan, kitchen, dining room, and living room basically all one room.

“There’s only one hallway on each floor but there’s the bathroom, your room,” Dream turned on the light for him, setting his luggage down. “And down the hall is my room.”

They briefly showed him the pool in the backyard and headed upstairs so George could look around, Sapnap making a dumb joke about only the cool kids staying upstairs that he and George roasted him over until Sapnap started trying to wrestle knowing he would win easily.

They would all come down eventually, Dream knew, but the excitement of all being together would be running high for a while.

“Did you mail more stuff here?” Dream asked conversationally as they walked down the stairs, heading to George’s new room.

“Umm, no?”

“George!”

“Georgeee...”

He frowned. “What?”

They entered his room, looking at his sad single suitcase.

“Okay,” he stifled his laughter in his hand. “Okay yeah, I see the problem now.”

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream laughed. “Come on, start handing me stuff and I’ll hang it up for you.”

“Dude,” Sapnap sat on the bed bouncing lightly on the fresh sheets and blankets they dressed it with that morning. “You’re gonna have to buy so much stuff.”

“I was nervous!” George sputtered, red in the face. “I wasn’t thinking clearly.”

“You’re such an idiot, you had to pack for an entire year and you brought like ten shirts and two pairs of pants?”

George blushed, staring at the suitcase, holding clothes out to Dream. “I was nervous!” He repeated. “Stop it!”

After the very short unpacking, the three sat down and played a search and destroy game together in the living room, taking turns with the two controllers. It was so much more fun now that they were all together, able to scream and nudge at each other, seeing everyone’s reaction. It went on for hours before finally, their stomachs began to rumble.

Dream got up from his spot on the couch where he had been watching George and Sapnap’s round together, stomach rumbling as he made his way into the kitchen.

He opened the pantry and then the fridge, realizing they were long past due to buy groceries.

“Wanna order pizza?” called over his shoulder, looking at their barren fridge with disappointment.

“Yeah!”

“Sure!”

He shut it, resigning to go shopping at some point in the next few days. “Where from?”

“Umm...” Sapnap didn’t look away from the T.v. “Pizza slut.”

“What,” George snickered, controller going slack in his hand. “What did you call it?”

“Oh sorry,” Sapnap grinned, obviously not sorry at all. “Pizza hut.”

Dream rolled his eyes, already picking up his phone and browsing the menu.

George stood with a stretch, arms raised high so his shirt dragged up at the bottom, pale skin peeking out.

He did his best not to stare but couldn’t look away. There wasn’t an obvious definition to his body but he was lean, a thin trail of dark hair starting at his navel and dipping down under his sweatpants. It wasn’t until George turned his attention to him, leaving him scurrying to look down at his phone, tips of his ears burning.

“Will you guys order food while I shower and change?” he asked, finally relaxing out of the far too alluring stretch. “I feel gross from the plane.”

“Yeah-yeah,” Dream coughed. “You remember where the bathroom is?”

“I’m sure I can manage,” he teased lightly given how few rooms there were in the house. “Do we still want to watch movies?”

“Sure, we can get that set up while we wait for the food and you shower,” Dream nodded.

George hummed mmkay, already walking off down the hallway.

Sapnap turned off the game, putting away the controllers and turning off the console while Dream placed the order, pleased to see it wouldn’t take that long for it to arrive.

“Are you having fun?” Sapnap asked quietly, gathering the living room blankets they kept for their own occasional movie nights together.

“Yeah,” Dream smiled reassuringly. “I’m a lot better than I was earlier. Thanks for ya know...” Sapnap grinned. “Holding your hand?”

He could feel his cheeks heating up. “Yeah.”

“Any time Dream,” Sapnap suddenly grabbed for his hand, holding on tightly. “I always want to hold your hand.”

Dream did push him off this time, pulling his hand away with a snort to hide how much the idea appealed to him, face still flushed. “Stoop. Go get blankets, quit being a menace.”

Thankfully he complied, going upstairs to change into pajamas and grab some of his bedding.

Dream did the same, meeting him back in the living room. They wore similar things, pajama shorts and comfy t-shirts hidden behind the mess of items in their arms.

“I wanna sit in the middle,” Sapnap flopped down, arms full of blankets and his pillow breaking his fall.

Dream followed with his own pillows. “I wanna sit in the middle.”

Sapnap gave an exaggerated groan, rolling over some. “Fine, George can sit in the middle then we both get to sit by him.”

But I want to sit next to both of you.

“Okay,” he agreed easily, setting up the nest of bedding.

By the time he heard the shower turn off and socked feet padding down the hallway, Sapnap and Dream were curled up under blankets, the pizza waiting with the other drinks and snacks they had gathered.

It never failed to stun Dream at how good George looked. Dressed down in an oversized blue shirt and pajama pants, his hair still wet from the shower. His skin had a pink flush from the heat of the water and he looked so cute it made Dream want to pull him down just to kiss him.

He shooed the thoughts away quickly the closer George got.

George took one look at each of them sitting on the floor, covered with blankets and pillows while a perfectly good couch sat behind them unused. Sapnap patted the spot in between them with a toothless grin. Dream teasingly threw his arm over the couch, patting the spot as well.

George huffed with a fond smile, plopping down in between them without hesitation.

Dream quickly retracted his arm, not wanting to make things weird or take it too far. He pretended he needed to readjust his legs to make up for moving his arm away.

“Anyways, what do y’all wanna watch?”

After some arguing, they settled on a cheesy comedy action movie with one too many dick jokes worked into the script that had them rolling with laughter either with the movie or at it. The pizza was gone in an instant and the snacks demolished, leaving everyone warm and sated.

Eventually, the full stomach and the darkness of the room had them all quieted down, a drowsy feeling emanating from all of them. Dream kept his eyes on the screen doing his best not to randomly fall asleep in the middle of the movie, but as soon as the credits rolled, soft snores filled the air.

He looked over, unsurprised to see George fast asleep. He had to have been exhausted after his flight. He was surprised the man had stayed up this long.

George leaned up against Sapnap on their mess of pillows and blankets, snuggled up against him closely tucked under his arm. Dream looked at them longingly, aching to join in anyway he could fit. Thoughts of uncertainty left him refraining though. Was he welcomed into it? He didn’t want to push. Could he handle laying against them both so close without making it weird? Doubtful. Cuddling with the homies was fine, cuddling with the homies you were in love with? That was probably pushing it.

But with how George was splayed across Sap, there was a perfect empty spot for him right up against his chest, warm waist perfect for wrapping his arms around.

That would be too weird though.

Dejected by his own thoughts, he was about to stand up and sadly go to his lonely room when suddenly George held his arm out sleepily, eyes still shut tight. Long fingers stretched for Dream expectantly, the open invitation that Dream needed.

He felt like a lost puppy following blindly, reservations melting away.

Curling up into the open space, he rested his head against his best friend, listening to the way his heart thudded under his ear. The rise and fall with every breath lured his eyes shut, arms tentatively wrapping around his waist. He could feel Sapnap against his arm as well, hotter than a furnace. Gentle fingers grazed his knuckles, Sapnap’s touch familiar and sweet.

George's outstretched arm found its way along Dream's shoulders, not holding or squeezing but resting softly. Even without any force Dream felt pinned in place, shivering at the slightest brush of a thumb against the nape of his neck.

Slowly he relaxed, more exhausted than he thought he was.

Just as he was about to fall asleep, he finally caught a whiff of that smell again. With the airport washed away it left nothing but that hint of cologne and that sweet smell he could finally put a name to.

George.

Chapter End Notes

My twitter is @Janetbaby99 if you wanna chat!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

George tells his parents where he is and what he's doing, the situation not going over well for him. The next day, he and Dream head to the courthouse and Sapnap plans a fun day for them all to help cheer George up.

Chapter Notes

I had so much fun writing this chapter, I hope it's just as fun to read! I want to continue to try and update on/around Fridays but I have three exams next week so the next chapter might be late depending on how much free time I can find. I hope you enjoy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They could hear the yelling from the couch.

Eyes darted to the office door, a mingle of George's voice and his mother and father's coming out over the speakers.

George had been in there for an hour on a video call with them.

It had been a week since he flew in, their appointment at the courthouse set for tomorrow morning. George had finally taken the time to tell his family where he was and what he was doing and from the sounds coming from the office, it wasn't going well.

"No!" George shouted. "Just-"

The sound suddenly cut out though George continued talking. Dream figured he had realized how loud they were being and didn't want to be heard.

Sapnap glanced over at George with worry written in his expression. "I hope he's okay."

"Maybe we should go to my room or something," Dream stood. "Give him some space."

"Yeah," Sapnap followed.

Usually, before George got there, they did not spend so much time together. Any other time, Sapnap would probably be upstairs in his own room but since George became a new permanent fixture in their home, the three were inseparable. On the rare occasions where one was gone like now, the other two were together.

Dream was having more fun this past week than he had in forever, save for maybe when Sapnap first started living with him.

After the first few days, the excitement over George slowly dwindled, there were fewer random wrestling moments and they weren't quite as teasing to each other, everyone slowly relaxing some. Still, the days were spent playing games and going to the store for things George forgot, adjusting to the time change and each other. Dream was growing used to waking up to the sounds of

bickering in the morning over the last of the milk and George having a cup of coffee sitting on the island for him when Dream eventually made his way out of bed. Sapnap was being especially nice to both of them as well, though the younger was often the one to escalate into playfighting whenever the mood struck him. Dream found himself pinned underneath him far more times than he needed to keep his sanity.

No one seemed to want to mention how they cuddled that first night, and that was alright by him. He definitely didn't spend every night since wishing to wake up with them again like that.

Dream sat down on his bed, Sapnap shutting the door behind him and sitting in the chair across from him. "Poor George."

"Sounds like he's getting his ass chewed out in there," Sapnap sighed.

"To be fair," Dream countered. "Their kid did randomly just up and left and married some rando in a different country. He didn't even cancel his lease or say anything to them. What did he think was going to happen."

"Is he going to tell them the truth?"

Dream shrugged. "I'm not sure. I don't think so. The more people who know the more likely we are to get in trouble."

Sapnap nodded understandingly. "Makes sense. But still."

The two sat quietly on the bed, occasionally showing each other a meme halfheartedly before they suddenly heard the door next door slam shut hard. A muffled groan followed and the creak of George's bed.

The two shared a look.

George did not come out of his room the rest of the day. They left food for him by his door only to find it half-eaten in the trash, George apparently an expert at shuffling around the house undetected. He had sent them both an apology but refused to come out and sit with them, needing time to himself that they both respected fully.

Still, it hurt his heart to know that George was so upset and Dream couldn't make it better.

The day passed slowly without him, as well as the night. The wall between their room was thin enough he could hear the clacks of his keyboard, soft sounds of videos playing, and the occasional sniff.

He didn't fall asleep until after George did.

It wasn't until noon the next day that anyone in the house began to shuffle around.

Sapnap entered the kitchen, putting on a pot of coffee, setting Patches out some food, and grabbing breakfast before disappearing into his room once again to eat and get ready.

Dream stretched with a yawn, glancing at his phone. They had over an hour before their appointment, but he still rolled out of bed, pushing himself to get in the shower and start his day.

The warm water felt like sunshine on his skin. He could have stayed there all day if he wasn't worried about everyone else having enough hot water and just lavish in the heat.

He couldn't help but take his time washing his hair and body before he ran out of things to do and had to get out.

Wiping the mirror, he frowned at his hair. It hung down past his nose when wet now, long overdue for a haircut. The dirty blond strands looked near brown with the water, green eyes almost grey with the lighting. He toweled off his hair, hoping it would fix without needing a blow dryer.

He shaved the scratchy beard that had appeared over the last few days, rough hairs yielding to smooth skin, revealing freckle after freckle.

Satisfied, he grabbed his dirty clothes and wrapped up in the towel, heading back to his bedroom. A short thrilling idea shot into his head halfway down the hall, imagining George suddenly opening the bedroom door and seeing him standing there in nothing but a towel.

Dream shut his door quickly before that could happen, heart hammering.

He could hear music with George humming over it through the wall, just enough off-key to make Dream smile. He hoped it meant he woke up feeling better than he went to bed yesterday.

The closer to the wall he got, the more he could pick out the words, shocked and overly giddy to hear his own voice coming from the speakers.

Pressing his back against the wall he hardly dared to breathe, trying to catch the last of the melody before the song melted into another.

“Now that interstate is paved with memories, Of a past life I lived when I was 18” George sang, accent sharply different from his own in the song. *“And every winter, I think back to what we used to be, In that past life we lived at 18”*

It seemed luck wasn't on his side today, disappointment filling his lungs as the finishing beats came to a stop.

Dream could feel how wide his subconscious grin was but he couldn't do anything to stop it. He wondered if George danced to his song, picturing him bouncing on his heels in boxers and an oversized shirt, hair still messy as he sang, getting ready for the day. He wondered if he was a good dancer when no one was watching or if he just let loose, moving however felt best with the music no matter how goofy.

He hoped it was the latter.

When it was obvious he wasn't going to get another performance with the new song playing, Dream peeled himself from the wall, trudging to his closet.

His entire chest felt bubbly with the knowledge that George not only liked his song, he knew the words. He sang along when he thought no one could hear.

Turning his attention to his closet, he knew he didn't have many dress clothes but he wanted to look nice for once. He was about to be married after all.

He thumbed through the various outfits, finding a rare pair of dress pants he had bought for an interview one time. Thankfully they still fit if a little snug in the hips. The grey material would be slightly uncomfortable in the heat but he wouldn't wear it for long. He then found the older shirt that went with it, a deep blue that he subtly hoped George would like.

Looking in the mirror he had tucked inside the closet, he had to admit he didn't look half bad.

He smiled to himself, grabbing his shoes and leaving his room to sit and wait for George and Sappnap to join him.

He waited patiently, checking Twitter and interacting with a few tweets, and checking the last video he posted before George arrived.

Finally, the creak of the door drew Dream's attention to George who stepped out of his room.

Dream could do nothing but stare.

He wore a salmon dress shirt tucked into black slacks, a belt cinching it tight to his lithe frame.

Dream shut his mouth quickly when dark brown eyes turned to him, red-rimmed from crying yesterday and lack of sleep with a tired smile. "Good morning," his voice was subdued, his usual energy diminished.

"You okay?" Dream asked. Everything in him wanted to hug him tightly and never let go, but he remained frozen in his spot on the couch.

"Yeah. It was rough yesterday with my parents," George slowly emerged, oxfords clicking on the wooden floors as he made his way into the kitchen. "They didn't take it very well."

"Moving to America or marrying a guy?"

George shrugged. He busied himself with getting two mugs down, pouring coffee in each and creamer before bringing Dream one on the couch.

Dream accepted it, electrified at the brush of their fingers. He took a scalding sip, ignoring the burn racing down his throat.

"Both maybe. Not necessarily because I'm marrying a guy but more a guy they had never met. I've talked about you with them though so I suppose that probably helped some," George sipped at his own coffee, grimacing at the scorching heat. "They want to talk to you."

Dream's eyes widened. "Talk to me?"

George's smile brightened a little at the stunned look on Dream's face. "Yeah. It doesn't have to be today though. Are you ready to get married? You look really good."

His face immediately erupted into flames at the compliment. "So-so do you. Do you still want to?"

"Might as well, I'm already here and in the thick of it all. Is Sapnap up?"

Speak of the devil and he shall appear.

Sapnap trotted down the stairs, looking far more casual than them in a t-shirt and jeans. "Y'all clean up good holy shit," He grinned widely at them.

"Shut up," George snorted. "Are you coming with us?"

"No, I think I'll stay here and get some stuff done. But Gogy! I had an idea since yesterday was shitty for you and I think it'll be really fun if you want to do it."

Suspicion colored George's face. "What is it?"

Sapnap frowned. "It's nothing bad, quit looking at me like that. What do y'all think about going to the beach? We could swim and relax and get dinner from a food truck or something."

Dream perked up, waiting for George to say yes or no.

"Sure, that sounds fun," George agreed.

"Yes! I literally thought about this all night. I'll pack up the stuff then while you guys go do the whole marriage thing then!" Sapnap said, already taking off to do just that.

George pulled out his phone, glancing at the time. "Do you want to go ahead and go? Just in case?"

“Sure,” he stood from his spot, downing the rest of his coffee. “Let me go grab the paperwork.” They had spent forever on the stack of papers that now sat on his dresser, both pouring over it on late-night discord calls, signing names until their hands ached. They had gone over it together in person a few nights ago to make sure everything was in order and ready to turn in.

Dream went to his room, grabbing the paperwork. He hesitated briefly before pulling open his dresser and grabbing a jewelry box as well, sliding its contents into his back pocket and leaving his room before he could change his mind.

George stood by the door, fidgeting with anticipation. He handed off the papers to him so he could grab his keys, stepping outside with George close behind.

The air had lost its crisp coolness with the morning dew evaporating, heavy heat clinging to them in its place.

“Gross,” George mumbled, already pulling at his shirt.

Dream snorted. “What did you think the weather was going to be like in Florida?”

“I didn’t think about it,” he shook his arms, looking just as uncomfortable as Dream felt with the long sleeves.

“Idiot,” Dream laughed, sliding in the truck.

George followed quickly, cranking the AC to full blast the second the truck started. It spat out hot air the entire time it took them to buckle and leave the driveway before switching to cool.

George sighed with relief.

“It’s hotter in the summer.”

George groaned.

“This is nothing.”

“I’m going home,” George shook his head, looking out the window. “Screw you and Sapnap, I’m too hot.”

Dream giggled, hardly able to focus on the road. “Yeah, you are.”

George hit his arm playfully with the back of his hand. “You’re so stupid shut up.”

He chuckled, turning up the music some.

Pressing skip a couple of times, the song he was looking for finally came up on Spotify. “Wow hey do you like this song?” he asked, giving a brief grin to George.

“Oh yeah,” he giggled, looking at the stereo. “This is my favorite artist, how did you know?”

“ People change like the tides in the ocean, At least I think, or am I dead wrong?”

He loved to annoy and tease the man beside him. It was probably his favorite pastime, unable to resist.

“You should sing it,” Dream exclaimed.

“Sorry, I don’t actually know the words,” George said snidely.

“Commme onnn Georgie don’t be like that! I know you know the words,” Dream resisted the urge to look over at him, keeping his eyes straight ahead on the traffic in front of them. “Sing it! I’ll sing with you if it makes you feel better.”

George’s face briefly shifted into confusion at his insistence before realization crossed his features. “YOU HEARD ME!” George shouted, Dream jumping out of his skin at the loud sound.

“Jesus George I’m drivin-”

He didn’t get a second of reprieve from the yelling. “You heard me this morning didn’t you?!”

“No?”

“Liar.”

“It was cute! I liked it.” Dream admitted, absentmindedly tugging at a strand of hair with one hand, his other still on the wheel.

George rolled his eyes, crossing his arms and sitting back in the seat. “That’s embarrassing.”

“You’re just a simp for me and my music, it’s okay. We all already knew that Georgie.”

The music died out, replaced by another and ending George’s torment. “You know what, I am but that’s still embarrassing.”

Dream only laughed.

After what seemed like too short of time, they arrived at the courthouse. It was an older building as is most of them, looking daunting.

He drove around for a moment before finding a parking spot, glancing at George who looked so nervous he might begin shaking. “Ready?”

“Yeah,” he nodded.

They entered the building together, going through security and finally up to the floor that they needed to be on.

They went ahead and turned in half of the forms with the clerk sitting in front of the waiting room, Dream holding the stack and doing most of the talking while George stood so close they were nearly pressed against each other.

The clerk entered the information into the system and then gestured for them to take a seat with a kind smile.

Dream led the way, noticing the other couples around them. There were only two, both the girls in white dresses and the men dressed similar to them, also getting married that day. Dream took a seat, leaving one to his right for George.

“I’m nervous,” George whispered, sitting down into the chair next to him. There was no room between the chairs, pressed up against each other from their legs to their shoulders but neither seemed to mind.

“Why?” Dream asked, bumping his shoulder.

“I don’t know,” he shrugged. “What if we missed something? Or we get caught. Or I have to go home. Or-”

“George,” Dream laughed lightly, laying a hand on his knee comfortingly. George’s rambling cut off, eyes landing on the hand on his leg. “We’re fineeee. We did everything right, don’t even worry about it.”

George only frowned, taking the stack of papers from Dream once again and double-checking them.

One by one the closer it got to their appointed time, the couples disappeared into the chambers leaving George and Dream for last.

An eternity later, it was their turn.

Stepping through the heavy wooden doors, Dream led the way, their knuckles brushing against each other’s every step of the way.

The judge was a gruff, old-looking man. He beckoned them in, confirming their names and their appointment.

“Alright, let's begin shall we?”

He took the paperwork, going through each page looking for missing information or signatures.

Dream and George stood close together, the energy bouncing off of each other dizzying. Saying I do gave him a heady rush, hearing it repeated back after waiting for months to actually do this.

Eventually, he asked them both, looking between them expectantly. “Do you have rings to exchange?”

George opened his mouth to say no when Dream spoke over him. “Yes sir, we do.”

George watched, puzzled as Dream reached into his pocket.

They were cheap, flimsy rings from a store that Dream bought on a whim, half as a joke for this specific time and shoved in a ring box until now.

Plain silver bands gleamed under the fluorescent lights. He reached over, grabbing his best friend's hand. He had guessed at a size, having bought them before George had even gotten on a plane.

Stunned, George didn't fight him, letting him slide the ring on his finger.

Dream let go, offering out the one he had chosen for himself to George who slowly took it and did the same. The metal was warm from being in his pocket for so long, sitting snugly on his ring finger.

“Do either of you have vows prepared that you wish to read as well?”

They both shook their heads, unable to tear their eyes off the other's face. The judge looked between them and at the stack of paperwork they had brought in. “Alright, then by the power vested in me by the state of Florida I pronounce you man and man. You may now kiss your spouse.”

The giddy smile on George's face dropped a little, eyes flickering between the judge and Dream nervously.

Butterflies filled his stomach but before he could second guess himself, Dream was filling George's space, cupping his cheeks and kissing him gently on the lips.

His stubble was scratchy against his chin, lips soft just like Dream always imagined. He didn't let himself linger, pulling away, surprised to see George with his eyes closed, leaning into his hands.

The second Dream wasn't touching him anymore, his eyes flew open, his entire face turning red. He was about to say something, Dream already able to see the explosion of emotion brewing when his eyes widened. Dream immediately compared him to a teapot about to boil over.

Dream shook his head once, looking briefly at the judge who was glancing through the paperwork.

George took a deep breath and turned his attention back on the judge, the silence deafening as usual.

“You kids,” the judge chuckled. “You two sure seem to love each other. The paperwork looks good from my end, you boys go enjoy your new life. I wish you both a happy marriage.”

“Thank you, sir,” Dream smiled politely, internally laughing at George and his reaction.

George murmured a thank you as well, grabbing Dream's hand in his once again, using it to drag him out of the courtroom.

Dream stumbled behind, hardly able to contain his laughter. The second they were in the hall George practically broke out in a run, Dream hardly able to keep up.

Outside, George dropped his hand hard, covering his face. "What the hell is wrong with you?!" "What?" Dream cackled, nearly bent over. "I can't kiss my husband?!" "No! You can't!" George raised his hand to slap at Dream who got too close, now wheezing.

Dream held his hands up. "Okay okay, I'm sorry!" "You're not," George pouted. "You're making fun of me." "I am not," Dream struggled to calm down, containing his laughter once again. George's pout didn't leave so he tried again. "I'm really not, Georgie. It would have been weird if we didn't kiss. Your face is very red though." George seemed mildly content with the answer, still pouting. He pressed his hands against his cheeks, hiding the bright coloring from Dream.

The pair made their way back to the truck, George busied with texting Sapnap to see what he was doing.

"Where did you get the rings?" George suddenly asked once they were out of the heat, ac cranked to full blast in the truck. "Umm," Dream hummed, a little embarrassed. "I saw them one day and they were like ten bucks or something like that and I just kinda grabbed them. We don't have to wear them, I just thought-" "I'm gonna wear mine," George turned the ring on his finger. "I don't know about you. I kinda like it." The bubbly feeling in his chest returned. "Me too."

Dream couldn't help but wonder if he took it too far kissing him on the drive home. Sure they could joke about kissing each other, but did he push it too far by actually doing it? George still seemed upset but didn't comment on it, spending most of the time on his phone.

He figured if things didn't lighten up, he would seriously apologize, lump in his throat growing with the stretch of silence.

Sapnap met them at the door with a bag in hand, already having changed into his checkered swim shorts and sandals.

"Congrats to the married couple!" he exclaimed brightly, clapping George on the shoulder.

George smiled, dodging out of the contact. "I'm glad I brought a swimsuit, I'm going to go change. I'm so fucking hot in this stupid shirt."

"Yeah you are," Sapnap and Dream replied in unison almost out of instinct at this point, George groaning as he hurried to his room.

"Can we take the truck?" Sap turned his attention to Dream. "I packed three towels, sunscreen, and a ball. And snacks!"

Dream felt his chest swell with affection. Sapnap could be so caring, planning out a day for them just to make George feel better. "Sure, it's unlocked. I'll go change too."

Sapnap lugged the bag out, shutting the door behind him in case Patches got any ideas.

Dream headed to his room, stripping out of the stuffy clothing. He found his swim trunks fairly quickly, lime green like the majority of his things, sliding them on and throwing on a rare tanktop that he bought on a whim and wore only to go to the beach.

By the time he was done, George was outside with Sapnap, leaning up against the truck in blue shorts and a shirt as well.

“Ready?”

Affirmations sounded off, Sapnap running for the side of the truck calling shotgun over his shoulder.

George barely beat him there only for Sapnap to wiggle into the seat as soon as he opened the door.

“You guys are idiots,” Dream huffed, watching with amusement as George trudged into the backseat with a glare lacking any real anger behind it.

The closest beach was still a bit of a drive, not that Dream minded. He enjoyed sitting behind the wheel, handing over his phone for Sapnap to play DJ and choose the songs. Thankfully only half the songs he played were memes.

Their first stop when they parked was to a food truck in a parking lot not far from the beach, cement mixing with the sand.

It seemed everyone was fairly hungry as it was already late afternoon.

They ordered three burgers with minor differences, Dream whipping out his wallet to pay before the others could, eliciting exasperated sighs from both of them, Sapnap insisting to pay next time.

They claimed a table close to the food truck so they could listen for their order.

“So how was it?” Sapnap asked, setting the bag of stuff down in the grass next to them.

“Everything go okay?”

“It was great!” Dream exclaimed, earning an annoyed look from George.

“... What?” Sapnap asked, looking between them.

“You’re so annoying,” George whined. “It was fine until Dream-“

“Order fifty-seven!”

George wasted no time, not even sparing him a glance. “Go get the food, Dream.”

Dream snorted, mumbling “so bossy” under his breath. After the kiss, he figured he better do what George wanted. He could still hear them as he went up and got their order, words quiet and mumbled with the distance.

“Dream kissed me,” George hissed.

“HE WHAT?” Sapnap roared, head thrown back with laughter. “Like as a joke??”

George was still red in the face, looking anywhere but at the two of them. “Yeah, I guess.”

“I can’t believe I missed that!”

Dream thanked the workers, taking the tray of food, and sat down next to Sapnap, knowing George didn’t want him on that side of the table.

Smiling as he placed their food on the wooden picnic bench. The umbrella shaded them some from the overwhelming heat now that they were away from the water. He passed it all out quickly, his

stomach growling angrily for skipping breakfast. The coffee he had drank was long gone by now.

“It was! And he couldn’t even react because the judge was watching,” Dream snickered, immediately going in on his burger.

“Oh my God, dude,” Sapnap chuckled, at least having the decency to take a small bite of his own burger, unlike Dream who shoveled it in like he was trying to beat a world record.

“It was not that funny!” George exclaimed though he couldn’t fight the smile curling at his lips.

“You just surprised me, that’s why I got all weird.”

“Yeah right,” Dream laughed. “I thought I really made you mad.”

George rolled his eyes, chomping at his food before speaking. “I wasn’t that mad either. Like you wouldn’t react the same way if I had kissed you.”

Dream was never one to back down from a challenge. “No, I would not. Try me.”
Too bold.

He gulped, trying not to let his sudden regret show on his face.

“I’m not going to right now,” George scoffed. “You’re expecting it. I’ll just randomly kiss you at some point today and you can’t react at all.”

Bad idea bad idea bad idea his brain screamed.

“Fine.” he bit out.

Maybe he could deny to his friends how much he wanted the chance to kiss him again, but he couldn’t to himself. He wanted it more than anything.

At least George didn’t seem mad at him anymore.

After they finished eating, they made the short walk down to the beach, finding a spot away from the other people there and claiming it as their own, Sapnap proudly tossing down the bag into the sand.

“The water looks so nice,” George whined, looking at the sea longingly.

Sapnap already had his shirt over his head, black hair mussed into wild tufts when he tossed it at the bag haphazardly. “Come on then George, strip.”

He gave him a lewd grin, eyeing him up and down enough for George to curl into himself some though he hadn’t stopped smiling since they had gotten to the beach.

“Don’t make it weird,” he grumbled, pulling at the hem.

Dream did the same while they were focused on each other, fumbling for the sunscreen. He had a light tan from the summer still, freckles dotting his skin much darker than in the winter.

When he bent back up, ready to spray his arms, the lewd grin turned his direction, now paired with the same look from George.

“Dreaaaam,” Sanpnep cooed, snatching the can from his hand. “Why are you so hot, dude.”

Dream looked away quickly. “Stop.”

“No really,” George started in. “I’m with Sap, what the hell.”

Dream felt the tips of his ears go red. “Not you too, George.”

Sapnap turned the can to him, gesturing for Dream to hold his arms out so he could spray him. He shut his eyes, preparing for the cold mist that made him shiver despite the heat.

"I'm jealous I didn't get a kiss now," Sapnap continued, tone light and teasing. Warm hands on Dream's shoulders rubbed in the spray, Dream suppressing another shiver for an entirely new reason. "I mean George is cute but-"

"Hey-"

"You're *hot*," he finished. He turned to George, ready with the spray once again. "I'm simping hard guys what the fuck, George you're just so pretty."

Thankful the compliments were turned away from him, Dream jumped in, Sapnap spraying him down the same way he did Dream. "I'm telling you he's got pretty privilege."

George snatched the can, turning it on Sapnap like it was a weapon. "What about you huh? Who gave you the right to look like that?"

Dream poked at his side, making Sapnap squirm away. "I literally think about that every day, why are *you* so hot all the time. And when you're shirtless? Oh my god, Sap. Getting all heated up over here."

This kind of teasing felt easy, normal, so used to doing it on stream and now escalating it in real life.

Sapnap laughed hysterically, "You're both such simps holy shit."

He stayed still long enough for George to finish spraying him and then broke out in a run straight for the water. There was no announcement of a race, but he and George both took it as one, tearing after him.

Sapnap of course won with his head start, running into the water and flopping down in it where it was deep enough to float.

The water was so cool and welcoming as an escape from the heat, Dream did the same, George close behind.

When he came up for air, he shook his hair free of water, droplets landing on his friends that splashed him in return. It turned into a war, splashing and dragging each other under the gentle waves.

They stayed in until their hands wrinkled and their cheeks and nose burnt, only getting out to eat on the snacks Sapnap had packed for them. Exhaustion curled deep in their muscles, only taking a moment to rest before George had the forgotten ball in his hands, already up and ready to go.

"Wanna play?"

It was a good idea to start, tossing it back and forth. It quickly devolved into chasing one another down with it to peg them with the hard rubber after George threw it just a little too hard at Dream. It was a fight for the ball, yelling each other's names the same way they do during manhunts resulting in screams of terror as the two without the weapon ran through the sand. Thankfully the beach was beginning to thin with the dying light so they didn't bother too many people before a truce was called.

Dream couldn't remember the last time he had a day like this, purely void of anything but elation. It showed on all of them, sunburnt shoulders relaxing and faces stretched in permanent smiles, no signs of the worries and stress that existed outside this stretch of sand.

All good things must come to an end though. The sun had set, leaving nothing but an orange glow in the sky by the time they began packing the bag back up and heading back to the truck, a constant chatter between them.

Dream was in the middle, arm slung around their shoulders, a subtle dig on their heights that wasn't lost on them if the jabs at his ribs were any indication.

"Hey Dream?" George asked, voice sweeter than honey that made the other two pause.

Dream turned his attention to him just in time for soft hands to cup his face, pulling him down to George's level, familiar lips pressed against his.

He let his eyes slide shut, melting into the touch that ended far too soon.

It wasn't until George snorted that he remembered their bet, pulling away quickly, sputtering.
"George!"

His companions erupted in laughter.

"What the hell is wrong with you?!" he cried indignantly, hiding his face in Sapnap's neck who pushed him off just as quickly as he had done it.

He was so in love it hurt.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Dream catches on to something weird going on between George and Sapnap and his suspicions are confirmed during game night.

Chapter Notes

I don't think I like this chapter very much. I promise there will be a happy ending though! I hope you like it!

Dream felt like if he had to put a number to it, his gut was right around 90% of the time. Occasionally he admittedly did get things wrong or jump to conclusions, but the rest of the time he would say that he had a pretty good sense of intuition. So when he got that undeniable nagging feeling in his stomach that something was going on with George and Sapnap, he was inclined to believe it.

In fact, as well as he knew his friends, he could positively say that they were both acting weird as hell.

It was now a month since George came to live with them, two weeks since they had gotten married and gone to the beach. Since then, they established a solid routine together, going back to work with streaming and producing videos. They had announced George coming to visit, eliciting a strong amount of speculation and excitement from their fans. Dream casually popped in on George while he was streaming, hiding just off-camera just for fun, taking teasing pictures with them with only his hand in the shot or his cursed shoes. The fandom was exploding with new content, clipping every moment they were together since they had no idea how long this visit would last.

If only they knew it was a bit more permanent than just a short vacation.

Things were progressively getting stranger though. It was small things mostly, like George would enter a room and Sapnap would find an excuse to leave, only for Dream to find them later that day curled up under the same blanket. Or sitting on the couch with them and they're both smiling like idiots at their texts, doing a poor job of hiding the fact that they were texting each other. On more than one occasion he would enter the room and they would jump apart like they were doing something they weren't supposed to and had gotten caught.

He felt a pang in his chest when he thought about either of them feeling the need to hide something from him. Not that they couldn't have secrets, Dream conceded, or things that they didn't share with him. But he didn't want them to feel like they had to hide things either.

They had never had this problem before. Usually, they overshared to the point that Dream could describe moments in both of their lives that really, *really*, should have been kept private in *detail*. They knew the same types of things about him in return, his most embarrassing moments completely laid out to them over late-night voice calls. He couldn't think of a single thing that they

wouldn't share with him.

Secrets were entirely new and uncharted territory.

Mom: would you like to come to dinner tonight? Sapnap and George are more than welcome too.

Mom: Pork chops! Probably the last time we can cook on the grill before it gets too cold.

Dream groaned at the text, shoving his face down into the pillow. He had been lounging on his bed watching tv by himself today, definitely not hiding from George and Sapnap in his own home. That would be crazy.

Sulking would be the word he used for it. He could not understand what they could be hiding for the life of him unless it was about him.

The thought plagued him for days now, going over every little moment and interaction he could think of with a fine-tooth comb.

Guilt gnawed at his stomach. Since George moved in he had been neglecting his family. He usually made a point to go home and have dinner with them at least every few weeks, but it was going on a month and a half now since he had stopped by.

Even Drista was starting to miss him, though she showed it in usual teenage fashion: a meme followed by making fun of him before slyly asking if he was going to come home some time or not.

Dream's fingertips drifted to the ring around his left finger. His marrying George was part of the reason he hadn't been by in so long. He could just see the disappointment on their faces if they found out anything about what he had been doing lately. Marry someone without telling them *and* making it illegal for citizenship? They'd kill him.

You're never too old to be afraid of your parents finding out you did something wrong.

He considered the invitation, drifting back to whatever was going on with his friends. The insecure little voice in the back of his head told him it was because they were tired of him, of being together all the time. The more reasonable part of his brain tried to push the thoughts out, telling himself it was nothing and even if it was something, it didn't have to do with him.

Maybe he needed to step back a bit and clear his head.

Dream: I'll be there. Just me tho

Mom: bet!

Her answer made him snort. Drista must have taught her that.

Glancing at the time, he realized if he wanted a little extra time to spend with his family before dinner, he would need to get up. With a deep sigh, he pried himself out of bed, the warm blankets beckoning him back like a siren's song.

Not bothering to shower, he slid on a comfy hoodie, the weather finally getting cool enough at night for him to wear it again, and his sneakers; worn and beat up and berated by the internet but his favorite all the same. He shook his hair out of the half ponytail he had put it in to keep it out of his face, determined to get his mom to trim it before he left tonight.

He almost wished he could avoid walking through the house at all, not wanting to feel the weird tension that clung around his housemates whenever he was around. He knew that it was a ridiculous idea and would be far too rude to go through with but he had half a mind to crawl out his window like a teenager avoiding their parents.

Dream took a breath, unconsciously bracing himself as he stepped out of his room.

The first thing he noticed was George's door open, which usually signified that he wasn't in it.

Walking further out, he found them both on the couch, scrolling on their phones and talking nonchalantly.

Sapnap looked up at the creek in the floorboards that gave him away with a hopeful, bright smile on his face. "Hey! Wanna play a game or something? We haven't seen you all day."

Taken aback, Dream paused for a second, surprised at the sudden enthusiasm to have him around.

Was he reading too much into things? Maybe they weren't the ones being weird, he was.

That thought was killed the second George dropped his eyes with a guilty look on his face.

No, he thought. *They are definitely the ones being weird.*

"Sorry," he went for the door, grabbing his keys from the bowl with Sapnap's. "I'm gonna go have dinner with my parents."

"Oh! Okay. Maybe when you get back? Or tomorrow? I miss you," Sap whined, giving him his best puppy dog eyes.

Dream was far from immune to the look even after living with Sapnap for so long. He caved almost immediately, any thought of saying no forgotten. "Sure. Probably tomorrow though I don't know how late it'll be before I come home."

That earned him an excited "Woo! Yes. Oh dude we could play some board games. Have family game night!"

"Aww," George giggled. "Family."

"Shut up, Gogy," Sanpanp huffed, elbowing him. "We are family."

"I didn't say we weren't," George elbowed back. "Just thought it was cute."

Dream couldn't help but smile. "That was very cute. Okay, I gotta go, I'll be back later."

A chorus of "be careful" and "bye" followed him out the door, stepping out of the house for the first time in a while, a few days at least. He had spent so long pouring over code and consuming media- streams tv youtube it didn't matter- to avoid everyone else the wind hit him like a drug, shoulders relaxing in the breeze.

The drive was much needed. With the speakers blasting and windows down his mind quitted the brief hour it took to reach his childhood home.

The place hadn't changed much since he had moved out, save for a new coat of paint he and Drista had helped their dad with last summer.

Both of his parent's cars sat out front with space just enough for him to fit in behind. Soon, Drista would have her own car sitting out front too, probably in Dream's old spot. The thought made him frown as he pulled in. It didn't seem right that she would be driving soon. In his mind, he would always think of her as being like eight or something. Maybe twelve. Certainly not old enough to be getting behind the wheel.

Just as he was about to walk in the front door, he panicked, remembering to slip the wedding ring

from his finger, sliding it into his pant pocket, lamenting to himself at how close of a call that was. He so rarely took it off he didn't even feel it anymore, the band feeling just as natural around his finger as his skin.

There was a tan line around where the jewelry stayed, just faint enough he was sure no one would notice after examining it briefly. However, the line stood out for him though faint, inescapable, and permanent like a brand on his skin.

He wasn't sure if he liked the idea that George had marked him like that or not but the more possessive side of him lit up with joy at the thin pale line. He doubted George's pale skin could hold the same mark, but the fact that he did gave him butterflies.

Dream opened the door, stepping inside. Immediately the sounds of a football game filled the air in the living room. Drista looked up from her place on the couch, phone in hand, his mom calling a pleasant greeting from the kitchen.

"Hey."

"Hey." He replied, not giving away how excited he was to see her after so long.

She looked at him a moment longer and then went back to her phone. "Did you see that meme I sent you on insta?"

He huffed, flopping down beside her. "Yeah did you see mine?"

They talked about school and youtube and streaming until the food was done. It always made him indescribably happy when she let it slip that she watched his last stream or one of his friends and though he teased her about it as an older brother would, he didn't want her to stop. Once dinner was called, they had the same conversation with their parents over dinner though a much more toned-down version than what they shared with each other.

His mom insisted on meeting George. She brought up the time that George tried to prank them both, claiming to be Dream's boyfriend. It made him flush and Drista dug into him immediately, saying "yeah he probably is. Look at him! You're turning so red!"

"Shut upppp," he groaned. "He's not my boyfriend! I don't even like..." he trailed off, thinking.

Like what? Boys? Or George?

Both answers would be a lie.

Drista raised her eyebrows but didn't comment. His mom steered away from the comment thankfully. "You should invite him to dinner next time. Sapnap too, I like him."

His dad jumped in, insisting that both Sapnap and George were more than welcome, convinced that is why he had stayed away for so long. He was right for the most part. The ring felt like it might burn a hole through his pocket at the mere mention of his housemates.

All his worries at home were forgotten at the table though, relaxing and enjoying the evening with his family. The house still felt like home to him, taking a weight off his back he didn't know he had been carrying. His mom was even nice enough to cut his hair for him, making him eternally grateful. He thanked her over and over, glad that he wouldn't have to do it himself or ask Sapnap to try again and have to wear hats for a month.

By the time it was time to go home, his real home, he felt more refreshed than he had felt in days, and a little bit more ready to deal with the weird tension he would be walking back into.

Game night time came around sooner than Dream expected, having stayed up all night working on a new youtube video and sleeping most of the day away.

Sapnap was upstairs finishing an alt stream while George and Dream got things ready: gathering board games, cards, and snacks galore.

As much as he hated to admit, It was much easier when Sapnap and George were separated now, lending to less awkward moments that left Dream reeling with confusion.

“I burnt the popcorn,” George frowned miserably, tossing a foul-smelling bag into the trash can.

Dream snickered, tossing a new bag at his chest that George feebly caught, trying his best to not laugh as he kept up the sad charade.

“Don’t be such a loser this time.”

George narrowed his eyes. “Maybe you don’t be such a-”

“What’s that smell?”

Dream glanced over his shoulder at Sapnap who leaned up against the cabinets, having finished his stream earlier than expected. “George is an idiot and can’t cook popcorn.”

Sapnap huffed, repeating him. “Idiot.”

“Stop bullying me, Dream distracted me.”

“I asked you if you wanted a pillow to sit on, how is that distracting?” Dream asked incredulously, the familiar teasing not giving them room to be weird with each other or him.

He may have overdone it, trying to keep up the light atmosphere as they finished the snacks and moved to sit around the coffee table but it worked, successfully keeping the mood light and fun.

The coffee table was the perfect height for them to be able to sit on the floor and all reach the board without strain. Dream sat out pillows for them to sit on instead of chairs, Sap and George picking their spots while Dream put on music to fill the silence.

George glanced through the stack of games, taking it upon himself to pick first. “What about scrabble?”

“Ew,” Sapnap laughed. “I guess.”

“Lame but alright,” Dream grinned, flopping down at one end of the table.

“If it’s lame why did you get it out?!”

Scrabble as it was, was not lame but it also wasn’t a good idea. Dream started the chaos when halfway into the otherwise normal game, he laid down a fake word. George followed his lead and soon the board was filled with “pog” and “swag” and any other dumb words they could come up with. Dream lost it when Sapnap started rooting through the bag to spell out “George is gay” like the infamous iPad much to George’s displeasure. A tile narrowly missed his face before someone “accidentally” shook the board to jumble the words.

“Alright alright,” Dream stopped them, knowing George and Sapnap could keep it up forever.

“Let’s play something else.”

He reached over fumbling blindly and pulled out the first game he could grab from the stack.

“Sorry okay with everyone?”

“Oh hell yeah imma beat your ass.”

“The fuck you are.”

The rest of the games went fairly well without a repeated incident of scrabble. Sorry didn't end in any fights, though uno got close on more than a few rounds. Rummy made Dream's head spin with so much math involved. When Sapnap inevitably won the final hand, he didn't even bother counting his final cards, immediately mixing his stack in with the deck before anyone could stop him. George and Sapnap tore into him for being a sore loser but he adamantly stuck with the fact that he had all kings and queens and wouldn't have won if he counted them or not.

The final game of the night was one where both Dream and Sapnap were pretty sure that George was making up entirely if the look they shared meant anything. He could hardly follow the rules of it, whatever *it* was.

"I don't remember the name of it but basically..." George had begun, Dream groaning immediately. Not remembering the name couldn't be a good sign, and low and behold he was correct on that.

Dream gave up not even halfway into the round, scooching his pillow over to Sapnap's side of the table up against the couch. "Let's team-up."

Sapnap didn't hesitate, offering his cards out for Dream to see. "Bet."

"That's not fair!" George cried as they started combining their best cards, trying to understand how to even begin to play. Dream had the sneaking suspicion George didn't know either.

"Fine," George shrugged in pretend chill. "You know what, I'll just beat you both and I won't even have to cheat."

Sapnap rolled his eyes, throwing an arm around Dream's shoulders. He kept him pressed in close, the cards clutched between both his hands so Dream could see them without strain.

It was a normal enough thing, Dream tried to reason with himself, there was no reason for it to make his heart pound as much as it did.

They continued to play and with their combined forces he was sure George didn't stand a chance.

Sapnap's smirk, all fangs, and sharp teeth grew with every card he placed, trash talk growing and growing. They were so close-

"I win," George smiled far too sweetly, eyes filled with mirth and gloating.

"No, you didn't."

"I did, look," George pointed, explanation on the tip of his tongue for any part of it they didn't understand.

Dream didn't even bother to ask.

He growled in frustration, not understanding a single thing about the game, pushing the cards across the coffee table.

Maybe he could be a bad sport sometimes.

Sapnap looked down at George's cards, then to George, then back at the cards.

With a sudden battle cry, he ripped his arm from around Dream and lunged at him. "Cheater!"

George let out a startled yelp, air audibly knocked out of his lungs on the impact of Sapnap crashing into him.

"Hel-no get off!" George cried, knocked to the ground easily. "Dream help me!"

He tried to get on his arms and crawl away but Sapnap grabbed him by his waist, pulling him back down.

George squealed, fighting against Sapnap who wasn't even trying anymore, laughing maniacally as his thighs trapped George's hips to the floor, smaller wrists pinned against his chest.

"Admit you cheated!"

"I di-I didn-" George laughed so hard he couldn't form words, short snippets of Dream's name and Sapnap's falling from his lips in between gasps for air.

Oh my God.

Dream watched them with wide eyes, cheeks red at all the thoughts that rushed at him. His mind swarmed with how strong Sapnap was, how he sat on George right on his hips and just how helpless he was underneath him.

He didn't know which position he wanted to be in more, with Sapnap holding him down or pinning George down, or a new position entirely, adding on...

Dream wished for the floor to swallow him alive. Just engulf him completely and never let him out again to see the light of day.

He hoped they didn't see him desperately flail for a pillow, shoving it in his lap and looking anywhere but at them.

What THE FUCK Dream screamed internally.

He was not getting hard because his friends were roughhousing, he tried to convince himself. It was completely and totally random.

His body betrayed him immediately after the thought, the little whimpered hiccups George let out in between the uncontrolled laughter going straight to his crotch.

"Sapnap pleaseeeee-" George flopped underneath him, trying to buck him off.

Dream was going to combust. This was his greatest wet dream and worst nightmare rolled into one moment. Surely they had to realize what they looked like right then, they couldn't be that blind.

"Okay okay!" George breathed heavily. "Seriously get off. Get off!"

Sapnap gave in, rolling off of him, faces red with laughter as they sat back up. His wild hair had slipped out of his headband, shirt tousled and raked up the side exposing warm, tanned skin that he didn't pull back down right away.

George sat up as well, openly panting and looking just as disheveled and wild as Sapnap.

Their eyes stayed locked on each other, never straying in some kind of heated staring contest that left Dream feeling out of place. That off feeling about them was back, intensified by the tension.

Then, it clicked.

Oh.

Dream got it now. It was so very, painfully obvious after what he had just seen. Like a giant towering elephant in the middle of the living room that he had been blind to. Or ignoring, for his own sanity.

They *like* each other. Like-like each other. Like more than friends like-like each other.

How did I not notice sooner, He asked himself, looking between them. It should have been so obvious before now, the way they make each other blush, how close they gravitate together at every available moment, slowly inching closer until their sides are pressed together, the way they look at each other when the other isn't paying attention.

It explained everything.

From the weird tension to jumping apart when Dream entered a room.

A hard lump formed in his throat.

At least, he supposed, it isn't because they're tired of him.

Dream sat on his newfound knowledge, almost completely out of it.

Even when Sapnap and George calmed down and moved on to a new game, he hardly knew what they were playing anymore, too wrapped up in his thoughts. He wondered if they both knew it or if they were oblivious to one another, or if the reason they got so weird around him was that they didn't want to tell him yet.

He was happy for them. Really. And he would be happy for them when they decided to let him in on what was going on between them. Dream loved them both so much that he would support them no matter what.

He couldn't think of a reason why they shouldn't be together. They would be perfect. They were already best friends, knowing each other inside and out; from the smallest pet peeves to the darkest kept secrets.

But as happy as he was for them, Dream couldn't help but feel his heart break. The long-held crushes he had on his two best friends that engulfed him now more than ever cracked his heart in two, settling in between the broken pieces to make a home.

He somehow managed to miss out on both of them at the same time.

That brought a whole new wave of shame and guilt crashing on him like a tidal wave. He had no right to want both of them. That was too greedy. As wrong as it would have felt, he would have had to have chosen one or the other and it seemed fate decided he had taken too long. He was almost glad that he didn't have to make that choice, he didn't even know how he would begin to make that decision.

Dream would have been content living the way he had been, in a constant lovestruck purgatory in between the unattainable heaven of having them as his and the hell he was in now- never admitting his feelings just to stay close to them both.

"I don't feel too good guys," he heard himself saying after a while, his voice sounding distant even to himself. "I think I'm gonna just... I'm gonna head to bed."

"What? What's wrong?"

"Bad popcorn probably," he tried to smile, standing up. Thankfully his sadness made his boner go away quickly.

"No way," George pouted. "Dream seriously what's wrong?"

"Nothing! Seriously it just hit me out of nowhere. I'm gonna take something and try to sleep it off," he waved his hand dismissively.

“Okay,” Sapnap frowned. “Do you need anything?”

“No I’m okay,” he lied with ease. “Y’all should keep playing though!”

Both Sapnap and George gave him dejected looks that he couldn’t dwell on, turning down the hall quickly and disappeared behind his door.

The second the wood shut, he twisted the flimsy lock on it just in case. He wasn’t sure how he would explain that if anyone did try to come into his room, but the extra privacy made his tears stinging in his eyes feel a little more safe.

It felt like a constant cycle that continued well into a sleepless night. Dream would convince himself he was happy for them, feel guilty for not, think about wanting both of them, and then feel guilty again and it would all repeat.

Finally, in the wee hours of the morning, his mind landed on a final thought. He might be wrong.

It could all be nothing more than homies being homies and flirting like they always did.

But he never heard George go to his room even though the noise in the living room quieted a while after he left.

He trusted his gut.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Sapnap and George finally decide to tell Dream and Dream meets George's parents.

Chapter Notes

This is definitely more of a filler chapter, I apologize. But I got so excited to write the next chapter I'm already halfway done with it so maybe I'll be able to update sooner than usual!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bottling up emotions probably wasn't the most healthy of coping mechanisms, but it seemed to be working so far.

Dream did his best to do just that after that night. He crammed it all into a bottle that was just a little too full and slapped a cap on top, sealing it tight.

The next morning when he caught them holding hands? Totally fine with him.

After that when George spent the night in Sapnap's room again? Didn't bother him *at all*.

Nope. Not Dream. He was just happy for his best friends, waiting patiently for them to clue him in so he could tell them just *how happy he was*.

He refused to even dwell on his true misery when they were all asleep. No more crying like a baby or having fits from a green-eyed monster that curled lazily in his chest, rearing its ugly head when they two so much as looked at each other.

He thought he was doing a pretty good job. He knew that he was spending just a little too much time by himself, but that was alright. Dream tried to justify the isolation, telling himself that he needed to pour himself into literally any other aspect of his life outside of Sapnap and George. He had never been so active online, interacting with fans and popping in on other's streams if he wasn't doing one. It wasn't bad for his career and no one was more the wiser as to why he was actually doing it.

Dream was currently playing on the SMP with Karl, Quackity, and Bad. He almost felt bad hogging the office so much, but if George needed online he could always go upstairs to Sapnap's computer.

They weren't currently doing lore, mostly just dicking around like usual. Karl was doing his best to build something while the others hopped around unhelpfully, swatting at each other and spewing nonsense.

They had been playing for a few hours since Quackity and Karl were streaming and for a moment

he could almost pretend everything was like it was before. That is until Bad asked how it was going having George there.

“It’s great,” he smiled. It felt forced even when no one else could see.

It wasn’t a lie. He loved having George around. He wouldn’t trade having him or Sapnap around for the world. He just wished his stupid feelings would disappear already so he would quit sulking and writing sad songs in his notes app and go back to being best buds.

Of course, the one time his bottled-up emotions nearly spilled over, it was because Quackity decided to shake the damn bottle until it exploded. The man always did have a way of riling him up over George.

“I bet it’s nice having George all to yourself huh,” Quackity taunted, his character’s smile directed at Dream’s green blob in the game. He didn’t bother to open his stream to know he bore a shit-eating grin to match.

“Yeah, you know what? It is,” Dream said matter-of-factly, walking away in the game and trying to change the subject to whatever Karl and Bad were building.

“No hey wait, you’re way less jealous when he’s hanging out with me now! We had a whole conversation without you in discord the other day. It was crazy.”

Dream rolled his eyes. This was only going to fuel the “jealous Dream” fire. There were already entire compilations on youtube of him butting in on conversations and trying to steal George’s attention away, especially from Quackity. “Wow, congrats. You two might as well get married.” He smiled to himself. *Oops. You can’t, I already did.*

Not that they knew that.

Quackity continued to chase him in the game no matter how many times Dream turned to hit at him. “Do you get that way with Sapnap there? You all live together, you hear them hanging out without you, and you just-” Quackity hit his desk. “Boom! George George hey that’s *my* George, Geor-”

“No! I don’t do that,” Dream stated, leaning back in his chair. “I wouldn’t actually act like that in real life, Quackity.”

“Someone’s talking to my George,” he made his voice sound like an evil gremlin.

“I do not!”

“Are you sure?”

“Stop it.” Dream snapped.

Quackity snickered at his outburst, ever the antagonist, but thankfully Karl got his attention and they dropped the subject.

For the rest of the stream, Dream felt off. He did his best to not withdraw completely, laughing at his friends' jokes and antics but he could tell that they knew something was wrong. Thankfully no one was going to call him out on it while they were still streaming.

He loved them all dearly, Quackity included. He knew that he didn’t mean anything by what he said, he had no idea what was going on or how Dream felt. It was just Quackity being Quackity, playing it up for the camera like usual and trying to get a reaction from him. He just happened to get the wrong reaction this time.

Eventually, everyone began to say goodbye to their streams, logging out of the game to chat with their fans before they ended it completely.

Dream was reluctant to leave the call. Even with the earlier incident, he wanted to keep spending time with them. He stayed on, waiting patiently as he listened to Karl read out a few more donations and raid one of their friends.

“Dream?” Bad asked, pulling his attention once it was just them in the call and not them +thousands of viewers. “You okay? You’re very quiet today.”

“Yeah,” he shrugged, though they couldn’t see the movement. “I’m fine. Just tired.”

“... Did I go too far earlier?” Quackity asked, a hint of worry in his tone.

Dream sighed. “No, you’re fine. Don’t worry about it.”

“You started acting weird after I said you were jealous.”

“Did not.”

“Did too.”

Dream bit his lip, on the verge of saying ‘did not’ once again but the words died out on his tongue.

Everything in him screamed to just let it out. Usually, if he needed to talk to someone, he would confide in Sapnap or George, but that wasn’t an option considering it was about them. It was confining, like all the emotion was trapped between his ribs, squeezing him so hard he couldn’t get a full breath in.

“I...” he started, threatening to pull the cap off the bottle and just let it all spill out.

His hand shook on the mouse.

“Dream?”

It was too risky. Too revealing. Too vulnerable. Too much.

Overwhelmed, he backtracked quickly. “It’s nothing guys, I’m fine.”

He could imagine Karl’s frown just from his tone. “You know you can talk to us if something is going on.”

“Thanks, Karl. I appreciate that. It’s just a lot?” he stated, though his words came out more like a question.

Silence followed as if they were waiting for him to elaborate but no words came out.

Karl eventually piped up again when the silence became too uncomfortable. “Want to keep playing just us?”

Dream was never so grateful. “Yes please.”

He had just left the call with the guys when there was a soft knock at the door.

“Come in,” he called, closing all the billion apps and pages he had open except for the coding programs that he was considering working on for a while to pass the time.

“Hey Dream?”

He glanced up from the computer, turning in his chair to better see the person talking.

Sapnap stood nervously behind him, the door pushed open just enough to step inside like he was worried Dream might tell him to go. He had on... that was definitely George's shirt. The logo on the front was familiar, stretched a little tighter around Sapnap's chest and shoulders than it did around George's.

Sapnap chewed on his lip, hands curling and fidgeting with the hem of it.

Dream had no doubt about what conversation they were about to have. Nothing else would make Sapnap look that nervous. Suddenly he was wishing he had just kept playing Minecraft, but there was no getting out of it with the way Sap was looking at him.

He forced a smile. “What's up?”

“Can I talk to you? If you're not too busy?”

Dream nodded, rolling his chair back from the desk. “Yeah of course. What's wrong?”

Sapnap came in, taking a seat next to him in the spare rolling chair. His eyes kept darting from Dream to just about anywhere else in the room. “What are you working on?”

Quit stalling Dream begged silently. “Nothing really. Just got done hanging with Bad, Karl, and Quackity.”

“Oh! That's cool.”

Silence.

“Sapnap?” Dream prompted.

“Umm... I know you aren't. Well,” he stammered. “Would... I mean. Okay I can't beat around the bush here, if I asked George out... would,” he struggled to find the correct words for what he wanted to ask. His dark eyes were wide and desperate when he looked at Dream, hoping for him to pick out the meaning from the spew of jumbled words and half sentences.

Dream smiled, trying to keep the bitterness from seeping through. He played dumb, asking “like out on a date?”

As much as he didn't want to hear it, he wanted Sapnap to say it. To confirm every little moment, every little thought or action that Dream had or had seen lately.

Those next few words were the final nails in his coffin.

“Yeah. On a date.”

Dream wasn't a cruel person. Or at least, he couldn't be cruel to Sapnap. The uncertainty that clung to him like a cloak tugged at Dream's broken heart stings. Not even the ugliest, most twisted side of him could tell him anything but yes.

“Yeah!” He feigned excitement. “Dude, you should definitely go out with him!”

Sapnap's shoulders sagged in relief, back hitting the chair as the tension drained out of him.

“Thanks, man. I don't know why I was so nervous. I don't even really know why I felt like I needed to run it past you. That's kinda weird, right? George said it was weird, but you're my best

friend and he's our best friend and we're the dream team you know, and if you said no--

"Sap," Dream cut off the rambling with a hand on his forearm, fingertips brushing against the soft hair there. "I would never say no. You two are great together."

Sapnap gave him an unreadable look so minute that if Dream had blinked he would have missed it. It almost looked sad if Dream tried to put a name to it, but that wouldn't make sense.

Then he shifted into a big grin just as quickly. "I was thinking about dinner and a movie. It's so basic but it'll be our first real date, I want it to be nice. What do you think?"

There was that ugly green monster again, snapping its teeth at him.

A thought invaded his head, telling him to just grab Sapnap's face and kiss him right then and there. He should go ahead and climb into his lap so there's no mistaking what he wants, guide his hands to his waist, and kiss him for as long as he wants to. And when Sapnap would inevitably leave to go find George, he could do the same thing to him.

He shook the thought away quickly. "That sounds fun. When are you two going to go out?"

"Tomorrow night probably. If that's okay, I don't know if you had anything planned to do with us or--"

"No plans," Dream shook his head. "You guys should definitely go."

Sapnap looked contemplative for a moment. Dream was fraught with worry he might have let something slip before he finally asked, "how long have you known?"

Dream let out a sigh of relief. He was safe, Sapnap probably had no idea how much he pined after him. "A while."

Sapnap pouted. "I thought we were being secretive."

"I didn't put it all together until we had game night if that makes you feel any better."

"Is that why you left? That night?"

"No," Dream said smoothly, doing his best to sell the lie.

Lying was never easy with Sapnap though. The man knew him too well, inside and out.

He gave him an unimpressed look and Dream knew he had been caught. "Okay, yeah. But only because I wanted to give you some time together! It was getting weird, I figured you guys needed to be alone."

A half-lie, but he hoped the truthful part of it would cover the rest of it for him.

"Oh," he sounded suspicious still. "Okay. It doesn't bother you, really?"

"Nope. Not at all."

"We aren't going to start leaving you out or anything, I promise," Sapnap tried to reassure him.

"We're still the dream team."

"I know."

"Would you tell us if it did bother you? Or if you felt left out or anything?"

Dream nodded. "Absolutely."

Absolutely not.

Sapnap stayed, talking to him a bit longer. Dream bared through it, listening to him talk about how they got together, their first kiss, everything he would have normally told him about with literally any other relationship in his life. It never stung like this before though.

Eventually, he wandered off to go purchase tickets for their date and Dream let out the breath he had been holding in.

The code illuminating the room looked unappealing. Everything was unappealing all of a sudden.

It was only eleven at night. He had grown used to staying up all night and sleeping until noon or so but his bed never sounded more comforting, the allure of sleep calling to him.

He closed the programs, caught up in a million different thoughts that jumbled up together until he couldn't think straight. Everything Sapnap had told him was stuck to his brain like glue. They held hands in the office, they kissed in the kitchen.

Dream wanted that.

Walking through the living room and down the hall like a zombie, he almost managed to walk right past George who was standing at the door waiting for him.

"Dream?"

Dream jumped, glancing up at the sound.

George smiled softly at him, hardly visible in the low light that glowed faintly from the lamp in his room. "Did I scare you?"

"No," he couldn't help but laugh, running a hand through his already messy hair. "I just jumped like that because I wanted to."

"Oh okay," George laughed, tone disbelieving. "Hey, did Sapnap talk to you?"

Dream tried to not let his smile drop. "Yeah, he did. I don't know why you didn't tell me sooner."

George just shrugged, looking bashful. "I don't know. But it's okay?"

It sounded like Sapnap wasn't the only one who felt the need to ask him first.

"Yeah of course it is."

"Good!"

Dream sensed there was something else bothering George who stood there a minute longer before blurting out, "I have a favor to ask of you."

Dream cringed. He didn't know if he could help George with their date if that was what he was about to ask of him or keeping listening to just how in love they were with each other.

Hesitantly, he asked "What favor?"

"Will you meet my parents? On a video call? I talked to them again today, they don't sound near as angry with me. They asked to meet my husband though."

"Oh!" Dream exclaimed. "That's good! I'm glad they're not as mad anymore. Of course, I will, when?"

He didn't really want to, but George's parents had been a sore subject since he had gotten here. The fact that they were finally coming around was relieving, to say the least.

"Tomorrow afternoon? If that's okay with you?"

"Yeah!" He agreed with real enthusiasm. "I'll even dress nice just for you."

"Thanks," George snorted. "Don't forget your ring either. It'll really sell it."

Dream smirked, holding up his hand in answer, the silver band still on his finger.

George grinned, holding up his own hand and matching ring.

Dream hated how it still gave him butterflies. He hated how much he enjoyed that even knowing that George didn't belong to him it still looked like he did.

"Okay," George breathed. "Don't be nervous."

"I'm not."

"I wasn't talking to you."

"Oh," Dream laughed, inspiring a fond smile from the nervous man beside him.

George had been nervous all day long. When Dream had woken up he immediately came into his room, having heard the alarm, and began buzzing around, spouting things about his parents and what to say before Dream had even managed to sit up in the bed. He laid there and listened patiently, knowing how important it was to him. No swearing, no sexual jokes, no crude jokes. He managed to mumble out 'duh, George I wouldn't do that', though a sharp look from the man said he didn't believe him.

Once he finally seemed convinced that Dream wasn't going to make a fool out of himself, George left to go clean the office. It wasn't even that messy, and the small messes around the room wouldn't even show on the video call but George cleaned it as if his parents would actually be in there.

Dream showered and shaved, putting on one of his nicer shirts and fixing his hair to make the best impression he could, considering they were already pissed that they were married.

When the time came, he made his way into the office, George giving him a once over and a nod in approval. Dream took the spare chair that Sapnap had sat in last night, scooting it closer to George's so they would both be in the frame.

"You ready?" he asked gently.

"Psh. Yeah totally. I'm not scared," George lied obviously, making Dream chuckle.

George shook out his hands just once and then hit call.

The computer rang for a bit before he suddenly came face to face with George's parents.

"George!" his mom smiled brightly.

She looked just like him, Dream noticed as he looked her over. They had the same facial features and same dark brown hair.

"Hi mum," he smiled at her. "Hi, Dad. This is Dream."

"I would shake your hands if I could," Dream smiled pleasantly, feeling like he was at a job interview.

His dad looked him over, gaze intense even through the screen. He was a bit older looking, much

gruffer when he spoke than his mom. "Why? You already married our son."

His mom nudged him. "Hun." He gave a generic dad grunt, one that Dream had heard from his own dad often.

"It's nice to finally meet you Dream. He is right though, I wish I would have gotten to meet you properly before you married George."

George laid his hand on top of Dream's, lacing their fingers together. "We exactly didn't plan it out very well. It was very sudden."

6 months of planning didn't sound sudden to Dream. He hoped they would look past that though.

"It was. My parents didn't know either," Dream nodded along. They still didn't, but that's beside the point.

"Young love," his dad said, unamused.

Dream squeezed George's hand.

"Dad."

"Alright," he sighed. "So Dream, tell us about yourself."

His chance to shine. He played it up, perkily describing himself to them. He talked about his parents and his sister, how much he loved his family, how much he loved George. The words flowed easily from him, not a single lie to be found. They discussed youtube and twitch, how well both he and George did on the platforms and even though he didn't have a college career, he reassured them they would not be struggling for money any time soon. They asked the general questions, lightening up as they were more and more sure that George was safe, happy, and well taken care of.

The entire time Dream spoke, George twiddled with his ring, scooting his chair closer to lay his head on Dream's shoulder, tucking his hair behind his ear for him. He was going over the top trying to sell the whole young, stupid, and in love thing but Dream didn't mind. It was nice to receive that attention, leaning into every touch until it inevitably pulled away.

Dream knew how to be charming and sweet. By the end of the call, it seemed like he had won them over completely. His mom warmed up fairly quickly and his dad finally let out a laugh that sounded just like an exact copy of George's at one of his jokes.

"Well, we'll let you boys go. George here tells me you have a date tonight," his mom said cheerfully.

Dream gulped, blood running cold. How could he forget that Sapnap and George were going out tonight?

His stomach dropped with guilt. This wasn't right. The ring on his left hand suddenly burned.

Sapnap should be the one meeting George's parents, not Dream. George shouldn't be holding him in his arms so closely, cooing about how in love they are while Sapnap sat alone in the other room before they went on a date. It wasn't right.

He tried to wiggle away from George's arm that was now slung around his neck to no avail. George just scooted closer every time he moved, invading more of his space until they were practically in the same chair.

"We do!" he smiled tightly. "We better go so we can get dinner before the movie."

Was that George's plan? Dream eyed him wearily as he began to say goodbye. Every time Dream had to play the part of a doting husband, he would have to be a stand-in for Sapnap? George was going to tell them stories about their dates and experiences and replace Sapnap's name with Dream?

It hurt to even think about it. Everything was just so wrong.

Dream sat through the rest of the call the best he could, but the second it ended he was up, pushing George off of him.

"Dream?" he asked, confusion written across his face.

"Sorry, my leg fell asleep," he lied, pretending he stood so quickly so he could shake it out.

George didn't seem to buy it. "I thought that went really well, don't you? My dad even liked you."

"Yeah, it was great."

"Sooo what's wrong?"

Dream didn't know what to say. "... Does it bother you that you can't introduce them to Sapnap instead? He's the one you're actually with, not me."

George furrowed his eyebrows, thinking. "I suppose but not really, I am actually married to you after all, not Sap."

"That's also not right though, George," Dream was getting frustrated, he could hear it in his voice.

He did his best to calm down but the bottle had been shook and the pressure was building up inside him again. "You shouldn't be married to me at all. If anything you should be to Sapnap."

"... but I wanted to marry you," George admitted, voice small.

Dream stopped, not understanding what he was trying to say.

"Besides," George moved on, standing up. "It's done, you're stuck with me. We aren't going to get a divorce even if you want one."

A snort forced its way out at his words. "Woah George."

He cracked a smile, sweet and shy. "... what?"

Dream always ached when he gave him that smile. When he genuinely didn't know what he had said to garner a reaction but there was an ornery twinkle in his eyes.

"That was kinda scary, Georgie," Dream teased. "What if I don't want to be trapped in a marriage with you?" Dream teased.

"That's just too bad," George laughed. "We're never getting a divorce, end of discussion."

Dream wheezed just a little too hard. He still felt like he could explode at any second. "Alright alright, you need to go get ready for your date."

"Yeah alright," George brushed past him on his way to the door. "Thank you, Dream. For meeting with them for me."

"Anything for you, Gogy."

Dream made himself busy while George and Sapnap got ready for their date. He tried not to eavesdrop, but he heard their voices in the living room, all soft compliments before they left. He bet they looked really good, they always did but he imagined tonight they both put in real effort to impress each other. They were probably both nervous too, Dream knew he would be. In all his daydreams where he imagined taking them on a date, he always was anyway, not that he would get to experience it for real.

Eventually, the front door shut and Dream was alone.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

George and Sapnap come to a realization that not only do they both like Dream, but Dream might also like them in return.

Chapter Notes

Two days early! I was so excited to write this though, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sometimes George would wake up expecting to be back in his bed at home. His real home, thousands of miles away in a lonely bed, longing to join his two best friends in America.

The second he gained consciousness his right hand would always immediately fly to his left just to feel at the wedding band, metal constantly warm from his skin.

George stretched lazily, shoulders popping as he did just that, touching the band just to remind himself how very real it all was. When the routine had first begun, the ring would give him a jolt and a rushing sensation through his veins. Now it just gave him a comforting buzz, reassuring him that it wasn't all just a crazy fever dream.

As he woke up more and more, he became aware of how the sheets around him were far too hot to be comfortable. The thought of moving was just as unappealing as the heat he was trapped in but he could only lay there and suffer a moment longer before the heat won out.

He wiggled uncomfortably, sweat clinging to the dip of his back. Rolling over on his side, he blearily blinked the sleep out of his eyes.

All his movements caused the person next to him to stir. George looked over at the sleepy noise Sapnap let out in protest to waking up, holding back a snort at the sight that greeted him. Sapnap had his mouth open against the pillow underneath him, drool seeping out in a little puddle. His already chaotic hair was wilder than usual from sleep, his headband discarded on the nightstand. He looked so peaceful George felt bad for moving.

But he was also the main source of the heat. Sapnap was so warm it made him feel like he was laying up against a furnace, but even the air around them seemed stifling, adding to it.

George scrunched his nose, trying to untangle their legs to distance himself some without waking the man up any further. He failed miserably.

"Stop." he groaned, eyes still shut.

George whined, "you're hot."

"Heh."

George just rolled his eyes. He wasn't awake enough for Sapnap to already be starting in with the

jokes and banter.

George managed to get free of the blankets and the human furnace, a breath of cool air against his overheated skin though even the room itself seemed hot.

He opened his mouth to comment, ready to go turn down the thermostat when Sapnap scooted over to him, curling up against his back yet again and slotting their knees together.

George huffed. There was no escaping it.

“Good morning,” Sapnap smiled like a cat, arms curling around George and holding him prisoner in the insufferable heat.

“Good morning,” George twisted to peck the cheek that wasn’t covered in drool.

Sapnap moved to wipe the spit from his chin with his pillow so he could kiss George properly. As gross as it was, George wasn’t about to complain. Maybe in ten, fifteen years, he might find it in himself to complain about the drool and the morning breath. Right now all he could feel was pure joy at being allowed the luxury in life of knowing what Sapnap tasted like, felt like when their lips met.

He sighed into the kiss, disappointed and a little dazed when Sapnap pulled away to lay back against the pillow with him, his spit pillow tossed off the bed thankfully. George probably would have screamed if in the middle of cuddling he went to touch his boyfriend and touched that thing instead.

Warm hands snuck up under his shirt, a giddy bubble building in his chest as they found his waist to stroke the sensitive skin at his sides. George shivered.

The soft, faint sounds of rain pattering on the roof filled the air, so light if he breathed too hard he couldn’t hear it anymore. Neither made a move, content to hold each other close and doze lightly, listening to the rain.

For that moment it was as if they were the only two people in the entire world. The dark room lit with the barest hint of the sun from behind the clouds outside their window offered an endless sanctuary with no worries or trouble, just soft bedding, warm arms, and quiet breathing.

He knew eventually he was going to have to get up though.

“I could stay in bed all day,” George nuzzled into him closer after a while.

“We could.” Sapnap offered sleepily, nosing at the base of his neck.

George grinned. “We can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have things to do today. So do you. And it wouldn’t be fair to Dream if we both hid in the bed all day.”

When Sapnap didn’t move, he knew he was going to struggle. The more he tried to wiggle out of his hold the more Sapnap held on. George was half-convinced he was part octopus. “Let me up.”

“No.”

“Now.”

“No.”

“I’ll sleep in my room tonight.”

It was an empty threat. He hadn’t slept in his own bed in a week now. He didn’t even know if he

could stand to sleep alone again.

Begrudgingly, Sapnap flopped the blankets back. "Gogy," he pouted.

"Pandas," George pouted back.

"Ugh, fine. Dream could just come cuddle too though dude. Then we could alllll stay in bed all day."

That would be nice George thought. He knew though that Dream wouldn't do it. He was being strangely distant lately, there was no chance in hell he or Sapnap could convince him to lay in bed with them when he wouldn't even stay in the same room.

"Can we at least eat breakfast in bed?"

"Sure," George agreed distractedly.

He wasn't sure why Dream was acting the way he was, but it felt like he was avoiding him. It bugged him endlessly. George would go through all their interactions with a fine-tooth comb and come up with nothing. No reason for Dream to be angry with him or annoyed. He glanced at Sapnap who was slowly sliding his way from the bed, wondering if he felt the same way, reminding himself to ask him later.

The pair sleepily made their way downstairs, the crackle of thunder shaking the walls now and then.

As always, Sapnap went straight for the coffee machine.

"Will you get some cups down?" Sapnap asked sweetly, already measuring out the coffee grounds.

George complied, turning to the cabinet where they kept the mugs. They had a billion different ones, but their three favorite ones sat up front ready for use.

He frowned at the creeper mug that Dream used the most often. He hadn't been fixing Dream coffee lately as he had been before. He would have never stopped, but as time went on, Dream stopped meeting him in the kitchen to drink it together. It would go cold and remain there until the blonde made the short distance from his room to the office. He'd dump it out or reheated it, apologize if he happened to bump into George, and then it would repeat the next day. Eventually, George stopped completely.

He sat the two mugs on the cabinet, about to hand them to Sapnap when the soft click of Dream's door drew his attention.

Hope bloomed like a bright flower in his lungs. If Dream was up, then maybe he would stay and have breakfast together. He was willing to put up with Sapnap pouting about not getting to eat in bed if it meant he got to see Dream that was beginning to feel like a rare occurrence even though they lived in the same house.

George scurried to grab the creeper mug, pulling it down to sit with theirs. He tried not to stare, pretending to be busy and only glancing over when he heard him enter the kitchen.

Dream stumbled out and down the hallway, hair wild and eyes shut as if he was still asleep. "The fuck is it so hot in here for, are y'all hot?" he grumbled, shuffling over to the thermostat and hitting the down button aggressively without even looking at what temperature he was about to make the house.

"Yeah, it was super hot," George agreed, words slowed by the short circuit in his brain that left

him floundering for words.

George couldn't look away from the man. Dream was a million times hotter than he ever imagined on all those phone calls and voice chats. They had seen each other shirtless of course plenty of times by now after living together but it never failed to leave him speechless.

He imagined that he had probably pulled his shirt off from the heat, leaving him in nothing but a pair of pajama pants slung low over his hips, the band of his underwear peeking out underneath. George knew he used to play football back in high school but sitting behind a computer most days left him softer, though the definitions of strength still showed when he moved in his long, lanky limbs. Freckles dotted his skin, small clusters on his shoulders and in random patches, still dark against his skin from the sun.

George didn't blink once, unable to tear his eyes away.

Dream looked at them, hand scratching at his mid length hair that flopped over in front of his eyes, looked at the time on the stove, and shuffled back to his room, groaning, "Too early." George watched him go, eyes drifting from his exposed back down to his ass before he disappeared behind his door.

Disappointed to see him leave, George turned back to Sapnap, holding his coffee cup out to him.

Sapnap had a devious smirk on his face, eyebrows raised.

George gulped. He was so caught.

"I think you're drooling a bit, Georgie," Sapnap teased, not moving to accept the cup from George's outreached hand.

George opened his mouth to deny it but his red cheeks gave him away. "Am not." Sapnap quirked an eyebrow, not commenting.

The silence spoke louder than words.

"Shut up," George bit out, pushing the cup against his chest.
"I didn't say anything!"

"You still thought it," George turned from him quickly so Sapnap couldn't see his blush.

The creeper's face seemed to mock him as he went back to it, sliding it back into its lonely spot.

Sapnap however was apparently not done with his teasing. "He's so hot right?"
"Sapnap!"

He just giggled. "What? It's true. He's so tall. And pretty."
"Yeah," George nodded, unable to deny it.

"And strong. I don't think I could take him in a fight do you?"
"No."

He wanted to try though. He could imagine what he looked like when he got riled up, having seen it first hand so many times now. Dream's eyes would go wide, a cocky grin on his smug face. He was so self-assured when he would taunt them, he probably fought the same way. George imagined getting pushed up against a wall by the man who would definitely tower over him-
"Hey."
George looked over at him, pulled from his fantasy.

Sapnap lowered his voice, leaning in with a spark in his dark eyes. "Have you ever compared your hand to his?"

George shook his head, heart pounding in his ears.

"Next time you see him, you should. The dude's got huge hands. And you know what they say about big han-"

"Sap-" George pushed at him, embarrassed. "Nap!"

The man grabbed onto his hand, pulling him into another sweet kiss. George relaxed against him instantly, frustration from the teasing melting and becoming pliant against him.

By the time Sapnap pulled back, George's mind was blissfully blank.

"What do you want for breakfast?" he asked softly, still stroking at the stubble on his jaw.

Forcing his brain to work he struggled to think of what they even had that they could reasonably eat in bed without making a mess. "Poptarts?"

Sapnap snorted. "Okay, you get that I'll get the coffee."

Going up the stairs was a struggle with the two cups, but they managed to make it there without spilling any coffee anywhere.

They clambered back into bed, arguing briefly about the best kind of poptart. George called Sapnap a brown sugar bitch while Sapnap mocked him and his plain strawberry.

With breakfast finished and out of the way, George checked the time. He still had a while to waste before he had to get busy. Once they were finished and their trash and mugs were safely off the bed, he slid back down into the blankets, looking up at Sapnap and admiring him and his good looks until he joined him down in the blankets too.

Since Dream had turned the air on, it was bearable to snuggle underneath, pulling each other close like they couldn't get enough and really George couldn't. He was never a touchy person before coming here but now if Sapnap didn't actively have his hands on him it was all he wanted. When he had first gotten there, Dream touched him all the time too. He had gotten so used to it when he stopped it left him starving for it. Even now that he and Sapnap were dating he ached for Dream to come up and hug him from behind like he used to, or even just brush up against him again.

"What are you thinking about?" Sapnap asked quietly.

"Dream."

Sapnap huffed teasingly. "Wow, George. You're in bed with me thinking about another man?"

"Yeah I am," George giggled.

"I'm hurt." Sapnap fake pouted. He was so cute when he made that face, George wanted to bite him. It took every ounce of self-control to refrain.

"I don't believe you."

"You're such an ass."

George just chuckled.

In the lull of the conversation, he thought back to earlier this morning, sobering up. "Hey, have you noticed Dream's been acting weird lately?"

Sapnap's face fell. He didn't like Sapnap's serious face.

That wasn't true. He loved all of Sapnap's expressions, but his serious face was so abnormal from his usual carefree smile that it made him nervous.

"Yeah. I didn't know if you noticed it too or not. He's avoiding us."

George let out a sigh of relief. He wasn't going crazy, imagining problems that didn't exist. Something was going on with Dream. "That's what I thought too. Is he mad at me? Or you? Or both of us?"

"Not that I can think of, he's never around long enough to get mad at us for anything."

Sapnap laid his head on George, soft hair tickling his chin whenever he breathed.

"You think he feels left out?" George curled his hand in the soft locks, threading it through his fingers to brush away from his face.

"Well yeah of course he does," Sapnap sounded just as upset as George felt. "But the hell am I supposed to say? Hey, we're gonna go have sex now, wanna come too?" George blushed hard. "I meant on our dates! Idiot."

He did want that, not that Sapnap needed to know that.

"Oh. Same concept. Wanna come on our date and third wheel the entire time?" Sapnap sighed.

"No. No one wants to do that. I just wish we could all three be together, then everyone would be happy."

Wait. What?

The room went deathly quiet. George waited for a further explanation, a laugh, anything to determine what he meant because Sapnap had said that far too seriously to be joking.

His silence further confirmed that.

"Sapnap?" George prompted, voice hardly over a whisper.

He could practically feel the younger man thinking of how to backtrack on his admission.

Did he really mean it?

"Sap?"

Sapnap squeezed his arms around him tighter, refusing to lift his head.

George wasn't about to drop it.

He had been in love with Dream and Sapnap since the start. Living an ocean away had its advantages, neither friend was aware of how lovestruck he was for them. He could hide behind a screen and pretend all the flirting was nothing more than being best buds. It was different in America sharing a home with them. Now he couldn't take two steps without running into either of them. Sapnap was the only one who caught on after one too many long touches and flirtatious comments that went past jokes. He had been so scared when Sapnap had cornered him and asked if he liked him. It had felt like his stupid feelings had ruined everything and there was no return until Sapnap admitted to feeling the same.

He desperately hoped Sapnap felt the same as him once again.

George pried one of his arms away from his middle, forcing Sapnap up enough he could see his face that had gone completely red. He looked nervous as he mumbled out a quiet "Sorry" under his breath.

"For what?" George rubbed at his arm comfortingly. "What did you mean? You want to be with

Dream too?"

His dark eyes darted first to the door like Dream might just pop out from behind it, then he looked to George. "If I tell you a secret do you promise you won't be mad?"

George didn't think he could ever be truly mad at the man in his arms. Annoyed maybe at times, but never truly mad. "Yeah of course."

Sapnap didn't immediately answer. He shuffled and squirmed, picking at the hem of George's shirt before admitting "I've been in love with Dream for years now."

George's heart hammered in his ears.

He had about a thousand thoughts and not a single one came out of his mouth.

Sapnap took his silence as anger though, going from nervous to teary-eyed in an instant. "I'm sorry. I gave up on that a long time ago though, I didn't- I didn't *settle* for you or anything like that. I know that's what it sounds like but I wouldn't-

"What? No hey," George forced past his racing mind, cupping his face. "Don't cry. I'm not mad."

"M'not crying," Sapnap sniffled. George supposed that was true, the tears stayed at the corners of his eyes though, threatening to spill over. He wiped at them gently until there was none left on his pretty face.

George wasn't too good at the whole feeling thing. He probably would never have gotten with Sapnap if he hadn't made the first move. As hard as it was though, he needed to tell him the truth. "...I like him too."

He couldn't say love as easily as Sapnap could, not outside of saying it as a joke, but he could say the word like easy enough.

"What?"

"I like both of you. I have for a long time."

"Oh."

George waited for a better reaction than that, holding his breath.

"Huh."

George frowned. "That's it?"

Sapnap moved to lay against the pillow so they could see each other properly. "I don't know what else to say? George, we just started dating a few weeks ago, now we're both sitting here admitting we're in love with someone else."

George bristled, grabbing hold of Sapnap's hand under the blankets. "But we still like each other too right?"

"Yeah, Georgie. I wouldn't give you up for the world," his words were so sweet and truthful it made his heartache.

"So what now?" he asked.

"I don't know. It would be crazy to want to be with two people."

George sighed. That exact thought plagued him for months now. "Yeah."

"Especially this early in a relationship."

"Sure." George shrugged. He wouldn't exactly call their relationship young. They were best friends

before they started dating. It wasn't like they were strangers still learning from each other. It was more of an extension, but Sapnap was right in saying it was early and new still.

"And being with two people at the same time isn't something we both want?" Sapnap eyed him questioningly.

George paused, considering. "I wouldn't say that."

Sapnap pulled his hand out of George's to sit up excitedly. "Are we really talking about this?"

"Do you want to be?"

The constant back in forth was starting to get on his nerves but he didn't know how else to broach the topic. "I like you, you like me, we both like Dream. We just don't know if Dream likes us back, but if he does, we can all be together?"

"I would like that a lot," Sapnap's smile was infectious.

George followed Sapnap up, grabbing his chin and stealing him in yet another kiss. He couldn't get enough.

"Alright," George grinned against his lips. "Now we just gotta figure out if Dream likes us back."

"Do you think we could be that lucky?"

"I hope so."

George got what he needed to get done for the day after he finally managed to pry himself out of bed. It was hard, with the rainy dreary day and such a warm and inviting person waiting in bed for him. Lamenting at the separation from Sapnap for a few hours, he trudged into the office. He hoped Dream would come in, not knowing he was in there but alas it didn't happen.

Sapnap, who refused to do anything productive for the day, was on a mission to get Dream to agree to hang out with them. Sapnap sent him a thumbs up once he did, having promised George to stay out of the office while he worked, otherwise George was far too enthralled with him to do anything else.

If he knew Dream at all, then he knew getting him to admit to liking them was going to be a challenge. He was too selfless to say what he wanted. George hoped with every bone in his body that he did want them though. He asked himself over and over throughout the day what the chances were that only he and Sapnap felt the same way and Dream didn't. Little to none in his opinion.

Even without Sapnap in the room he still struggled to get things done, wrapped up in thinking about Dream. Dream and his dumb kettle wheeze, Dream and his goofy jokes, how someone could be so annoying and kind and perfect all at the same time.

Before he knew it, it was late out and the pair were waiting for him in the living room for yet another movie night. Movies were the easiest way to spend time all together while getting a break from video games that were basically their entire lives.

He walked out, unable to contain his smile when he saw Dream talking so animatedly to Sapnap. He had no idea what he was saying but whatever the topic was, it had Dream excited and Sapnap laughing at his gestures.

“What’s up?” he asked, coming up to Sapnap who immediately leaned his head against his hip once he was close enough. George’s hand found his hair, petting it back and looking at Dream to let him in on the conversation.

“Hey,” Dream gave him a tight smile, shoulders dropping. George saw how his eyes went to the movement before he tore them away, the excited energy from just seconds ago diminished.

George narrowed his eyes. How had he not seen it sooner? Had he been doing that since they got together?

He was either repulsed or jealous, and George knew damn well it wasn’t repulsion that made his eyes go all soft and get that pouty look on his face.

“Ready for a movie?” George prompted.

Dream was sitting at the furthest end of the couch and that wasn’t going to work out too well for what they wanted to do. Dream looked at George to sit down in the open space in the middle though so George perched lightly, not expecting to stay long.

“Hey Dream? Will you go get me a drink?” Sapnap asked politely, nudging at Dream’s leg with his knee.

“What do I look like, your butler?” Dream grumbled petulantly, though he was already scooting off the couch. “What do you want?”

“Surprise me!”

Dream rolled his eyes in fake annoyance. “You too?”

“Yeah thank you,” George held back a laugh, watching him walk away.

The second he rounded the corner, George took his spot on the other end, leaving the space in the middle for the blonde once he got back.

“Gogy we’re in our romance arc,” Sapnap whispered excitedly.

“Romance arc,” George whispered back in playful disgust, crinkling his nose up. “Gross.”

“Gross?” Sapnap exclaimed. “Gross? That’s so mean, take it back!”

“No,” George laughed excitedly. “We’re seriously gonna try this?”

“Yes. Absolutely we are. Think about- oh hey,” his voice rose quickly as Dream entered the room with an awkward-looking armful of drinks for them.

“What are you two whispering about?” Dream handed out the drinks.

“That we should watch a scary movie!” George lied.

Sapnap panicked, sitting up quickly with a look to George that clearly said ‘that was not part of the plan!’

“A what now?” he gritted his teeth.

“Horror movie!” George pouted, sticking out his lip. “C’mon you never want to.”

It was perfect. George knew all too well how scared Sapnap could get. It was cute how he cowered into George when they played horror games. With Dream in the middle he would undoubtedly do the same to him.

Dream gave Sapnap a worried look. “You want to watch a scary movie?”

“Not really,” Sapnap groaned. “Someone’s gonna have to hold my hand.”

Dream looked at the space between them, gesturing for them to move together. "George scoot over and take care of your boyfriend."

"Noooo, I don't want to sit in the middle. You sit in the middle," George patted the seat.

Dream seemed more confused than anything else. "Are you fighting or something? I'm not gonna be a buffer."

George cringed. Had he misread the entire situation? Had they been so clingy lately that Dream didn't feel welcome to hang out with him and wasn't avoiding them because he's jealous?

What if he was completely wrong in his assumption that Dream liked them?

"We're not fighting, we just miss you," Sapnap pulled at the fabric of his shirt, getting Dream to eventually sit down between them.

Dream worried his lip, looking guilty. "Sorry. I know I haven't been around much."

George let them talk about streams and work while he picked out a movie, fishing for one he knew would scare Sapnap. He felt a little mean once it started playing but he justified it as being for the greater good. This way, his boyfriend would hide up against their crush, and if he happened to have nightmares later, George would be there for him.

Once it began playing, they quieted down, Sapnap's nerves already frayed just knowing it was a horror. Glancing over not even ten minutes in, Sapnap had already wormed his way closer, not an inch of space between him and Dream.

It was comforting to see them like that and not feel possessive, something George knew he could be with his partners on occasion. Like when a waiter was too nice to Sapnap one night and he felt the need to make a big display of who Sapnap belonged to the rest of the night. He didn't feel that with Dream in the slightest, not even when the man rested his hand on Sapnap's knee or pulled him closer to get comfortable.

George waited until there was a lull in the movie's storyline before he started anything. It felt devious, having it planned out, but whatever worked he supposed.

The family was moving into an ancient-looking house with far too many rooms, one of the kids already off to do something creepy when he decided to make his move.

George grinned slyly. Dream was oblivious to his motives as he laced his arm under his, pulling it closer. His freckles seemed to never end though they were more sparse on his hands. Only a few faint ones dotted the back of his hand, veins prominent. George ran his fingers up one, tracing it until it ended at his knuckle.

Dream finally looked at him, confusion evident but he didn't stop him as George lined their hands up.

Sapnap was right this morning, His hand was at least an inch bigger than George's, maybe more.

"Your hand is so much bigger than mine, look," he held up Dream's wrist with his free hand, moving their hands so he could see better.

Dream scrunched his eyebrows at him, cheeks pink. "... Yeah?"

"I knowww, dude look, same," Sapnap grabbed his other, doing the same. Dream's fingers were long enough that they hung over the edge of his, able to curl his fingertips over theirs.

Dream was blushing for real now.

George tried not to get too excited at the look on his face, but he was so cute the way his green

eyes darted back to the screen as he tried to drop his hands. George didn't let him, holding onto his hand tightly. Sapnap did the same, enjoying the way he squirmed at their flirting.

"What are you doing?" Dream groaned, half-heartedly trying to pull away still.

"What, we can't hold your hand?" George asked innocently.

Dream looked conflicted. "No. I mean you can but..."

"Okay good, this movie is freaky as fuck," Sapnap latched on even more. He used the advantage of holding his hand to sling his legs over one of Dream's, snuggling into his side.

With both his hands tangled in theirs, George could picture it, someday when they were all on the same page about things and Dream wouldn't be so uncomfortable and twitchy sitting in the middle. When he would sling his arm over the back of the couch and let them cuddle in or lay on them instead.

He was determined to get that.

For now though, he watched Dream struggle out the corner of his eye. The man seemed to go through the five stages of grief over their actions before he finally accepted it, no longer trying to pull away or find a way out. George would have thought he was being held hostage if he didn't look like he enjoyed it so much in the end if the little, pleased smile on his lips meant anything.

George hardly watched the rest of the movie, too focused on the others. He and Dream both laughed uncontrollably when Sapnap got jump scared so badly he came off the couch. After that, Sap spent the rest of the movie with his face pressed into the crook of Dream's neck chanting every so often, "I hate this, I hate this, I hate this."

"You're such a baby," Dream laughed, not pushing him away.

George hummed in satisfaction. They were all perfect together.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Dream has a sleepless night, Sapnap is there to keep him company.

Chapter Notes

Oof a little late but not bad! I'm sorry, finals are kicking my ass. We're getting close to the end, there should be just a few more chapters left!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream groaned into his pillow, holding it close in place of what he actually wanted to hold, or rather who.

It was getting worse. So much worse. Now he dreamt of George and Sapnap just about every night only to wake up alone and shaken like he was now. The pair were absolutely consuming him, awake or asleep. There was no escape, and certainly no sleep.

His pillow was currently making for a poor substitute for a warm body that he had so vividly dreamt of holding just seconds ago. He crushed it to his chest like if he squeezed it hard enough he could feel it again. Soft, warm, the irreplaceable feeling of skin against his even if it was only a dream.

He let his thoughts run rampant in the darkness, vulnerable in a way he didn't often let himself feel.

Dreaming was one thing. He couldn't control those. But now as he laid there in the darkness he continued to daydream. Sapnap's voice from his Dream whispering sweet "Dreamie" in his ear, running his hands up Dream's back, George's hand in his hair...

His eyes drifted closed imagining it.

Dream had himself convinced that he had his crush under control before movie night. He pictured it like a sad little candle, fueled by unrequited love, but the second they so much as looked at him for too long it became a roaring fire that consumed every inch of his entire being. He thought he might have actually died that night when they held his hands so gently, high on their touch. He could just see the Twitter trend now: #ripdream, and the description that would pathetically read "popular Minecraft streamer keels over from being held by his crushes for an hour".

Every second of that night had been spent hyperaware of the slightest movement. His brain short-circuited, refusing to produce a single thought after George took his hand.

It was hell. Or heaven, he couldn't be sure which was which anymore.

At first, Dream thought they had stuck him in the middle because they were fighting and needed him to be some kind of buffer for their lover's quarrel. He assumed that the flirting had just come

along with that, either to make each other jealous or simply because that's how they were around each other- or at least how they used to be. They weren't so much anymore since the pair began dating and Dream locked himself in his room all the time to suffer alone with his broken heart.

That theory was thrown out the window though when the constant attention didn't stop after that night. It was like they had a sixth sense for when Dream was awake. The second he was awake enough to function, more often than not, he wasn't alone.

He could be doing the most mundane task and there they were right behind him, either by themselves or together and following him like a duckling around the house. Doing dishes? Sapnap was drying and George was putting away. Going to the store for milk? Suddenly George needed something too and was begging to tag along. Sapnap even snuck into the office one day when he was streaming, content to sit quietly and play on his phone while Dream practiced for their next manhunt.

The entire time, not once did George or Sapnap fight outside of the friendly bickering they always participated in, leaving Dream to wonder why they were suddenly attached to his hip.

The best theory he could come up with was that they had caught on to him avoiding them. He knew they would eventually, but he was too caught up in his own lonely misery to care if they took notice. He assumed they had, leading them to feel some kind of misplaced guilt over leaving him out or something dumb like that.

Dream had no idea how to ask them though, or how to tell them that he didn't need them to hang out with him. It wasn't that he wasn't enjoying the constant companionship. In fact, once they stopped it would probably destroy him. But he couldn't shake the feeling that he was coming between them, worming his way into their relationship and taking up all their time and leaving none for them to be together.

In the end, though, it was all just what he thought could be going on. He had no idea if he was right or what the real reasoning behind them spending so much time with him was. One thing for certain though was that it was driving him up the fucking wall to not know.

There was no going back to sleep at this point, he had been awake for too long thinking. It felt like all he did anymore was think.

Now, Dream was faced with a choice: lay in bed and continue to think of his best friends non-stop, or get up and try to edit a new video.

At least editing would get him somewhere.

He tossed the sad pillow down against the mattress, sunken in, and crinkled from how hard Dream had been holding it. Before he could talk himself out of it and continue to wallow in his never-ending thoughts, he stood quickly, shaking the sleep from his limbs and heading to the door.

Dream trudged down the quiet hallway, the house eerily quiet. Usually, someone was up and doing something at the odd hours of the night, making it odd when there was no hum of life to the house, no mumbles of tv or a stream, no music or even the whirls of computers that so often filled the air. He didn't think he had ever heard it so quiet.

It was kinda creepy.

Dream walked a little faster to the office, immediately shutting the door so he could make noise without fear of waking the others up.

The computer came to life with the shake of a mouse, the pale, familiar glow of the monitors comforting in their illumination of the room. He grabbed his headset, plugging it in and sliding it on to drown out the silence. Once the computer got booted up, he got to work, clipping and shortening the hours of footage they had gotten down into a condensed video.

Every so often his eyes would slip closed, resting his head comfortably against his hand on the desk. Editing was so boring and monotonous he thought there might be hope that he could fall back asleep right there at the desk. It wouldn't be the first time he fell asleep there and probably wouldn't be the last though it made his back hurt just to think about it.

He didn't know how long he sat there with his eyes half-open before the door creaked open, the movement drawing his attention away from the screen for the first time since he had sat down.

He pulled the headphones off, confused as to why anyone else would be up at this time too.

Sapnap didn't even bother to knock, too sleepy to care if he was intruding or not. His voice was deep and gruff from sleep as he called, "Dream?"
"Sapnap? Why are you up?"

Sapnap's big dark eyes looked tired, beads of sleepy tears gathering at the corners of his eye as he blinked them open. His fluffy hair was ruffled from sleep, wearing a warm red hoodie and boxers that revealed long stretches of tanned skin. "Needed a drink. What are you doing?" he asked as socked feet padded over to stand closer.

Dream glanced back at the computer for a second to pause the music he had been adding into a scene, taking his eyes off of Sapnap long enough to lose track of how close he had gotten.

The moment he got close enough, a gentle hand made its way to his hair, giving Dream a jolt in surprise. Nimble fingers stroking the strands back from his face, the touch so kind he could almost imagine it as loving.

It felt too similar to his fantasy earlier this morning to be comforting, nerves frayed and exposed. Combined with the lack of sleep, he couldn't tolerate the flirting, not when he knew Sapnap didn't mean it.

How could he, if he was already with George? All it did was frustrate him, adding fuel to the never-ending fire.

He batted the hand away reflexively, frowning. "What the hell?"

Sapnap's face fell.

Guilt flooded Dream's stomach at the expression, softening his frustration instantly. Before he could form an apology for his harsh tone, Sapnap retracted his hand into the pocket of his hoodie, pulling it tightly against himself.

Dream lingered on it before he decided to move on, speaking past the lump in his throat. "I couldn't sleep anymore so I'm getting some editing done."

"Oh. Editing what?"

"Just the last challenge we all did a few weeks ago," Dream shrugged. "Boring shit."

"Hella boring." Sapnap hummed in agreement.

Dream expected Sap to turn around and go back to bed after that. It wasn't like he was doing

riveting work or that there was much more conversation to add.

He was already thinking about where he had left off in the video when suddenly his chair was being scooted back from the desk.

Dream looked back up at Sapnap in surprise. He had no time to question what he was doing though because the next thing he knew, long arms were wrapping themselves around his neck and Sapnap was clambering up into the gaming chair *with him*.

“Hey!” Dream protested, eyes wide with surprised panic, but it was too late. He had no choice but to stay still or risk dumping both him and Sapnap into the floor. He could only imagine how he would snark about it endlessly if he did end up on the floor, the younger man’s sass knowing no end.

“What dude,” Sapnap’s eyes twinkled, the sour expression from earlier gone and replaced with mirth. “I just wanna cuddle.”

Dream wouldn’t exactly describe Sapnap as small. Sure they teased him often about his height since Dream was so much taller than both him and George, but he was still 5 foot 8 and of average weight. The chair wasn’t meant for two grown men to try and squeeze into it together.

“What the fuck Sap.”

There was no way this was actually happening. He was going to pinch himself and wake up back in his bed still holding his pillow.

Sapnap didn’t answer, nudging his way in anyways. His surprisingly bony ass sat half on the chair and half on Dream’s leg, hip digging in as an uncomfortable reminder that this wasn’t a dream as much as it felt like one.

He threw both his long, tan legs over Dream’s lap, the thin fabric of his boxers riding up with every move. Sapnap hooked his ankles around the armrest to keep from sliding off and giving one final scooch to get comfortable.

The chair tipped back dangerously, Dream’s stomach falling out his ass as he scrambled to grab onto anything that would prevent them from falling back. Sapnap dared to laugh, drawing a hysteric wheeze from Dream, both their laughs sounding equally insane.

“Sapnap,” Dream groaned exasperatedly, voice still wheezy. “What the hell is wrong with you! What are you even doing?”

“Keeping you company, idiot.” He giggled as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“In my lap?”

“Might fall asleep though,” he yawned, nuzzling into Dream.

It was all so reminiscent of movie night, except now there was no excuse of a scary movie for him to be tucking his head under Dream’s chin the way he was.

“Why are you in my lap though?” Dream demanded incredulously, shifting to get more comfortable.

“Well do you want me to move?”

That sounded like more of a threat than a question, and the answer was no. Not at all. Dream wanted him to stay there forever with him wrapped up in such a tiny spot together. He didn’t care how uncomfortable it was, he would gladly suffer through any amount of discomfort to keep his

best friend right where he was.

Dream didn't respond, hoping his silence wasn't too telling.

When it was clear he wasn't going to get an answer, Sapnap just yawned again, resting his head up against him. "I just went to bed like a few hours ago, you better love me for staying up with you." Dream chuckled. The way he had phrased it made it sound as if Dream had *asked* him to stay with him. He had half a mind to point that out, but he bit back his retort, replying with oversaturated sweetness, "I love you very much, Sapnap."

He hoped for the umpteenth time that Sapnap didn't know just how much he loved him.

Dream glanced wearily at the perfectly good chair next to him, the confused and frustrated feeling returning as a simmering ember in between his ribs. Sapnap could have sat there instead without half the hassle and kept Dream company so why was he sitting on him? There was no reason for it.

It made his entire body ache with a desire for something he knew damn well he couldn't have.

"Are you for real just gonna stay there?" Dream asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Sapnap shrugged the best he could with their positions. "What about it? Just go back to editing, pretend I'm not here."

"For real?"

"Yes!" Sapnap glowered at him expectantly, glancing between Dream's face and the headphones.

Unsure what to do next, Dream did as he was told, picking the headset back up and hesitantly trying to turn his attention back to the task at hand.

Sapnap seemed content after that. Dream could feel him looking at the screen, watching him cut and clip for a moment before he fell back asleep right up against him without a care in the world. He wasn't back at work for ten minutes before he was snoring against him, just barely audible through the headphones.

Dream struggled to reach the keyboard from around him without jostling him too much but he managed though he didn't remember much editing. He was all too focused on Sapnap, taking in and memorizing everything about him as if it wasn't already seared into his very being. He already knew he smelled lightly of pine and vanilla, how warm and soft he felt pressed so tightly against him, the little breathy noises he made every now and then. He knew Sapnap like the back of his hand, maybe even better.

Dream laser focused onto the screen, trying and failing to ignore the man in his arms. He refused to look down when he shifted or made a noise, knowing he couldn't resist doing something stupid and love drunk if he did.

His resolve could only last so long though, weakened when Sapnap let out a garbled sound of half-formed syllables. If Dream thought about it long enough, he could almost imagine it was his name.

Slowly he let his eyes stray from the monitor, looking him over.

Sapnap just looks so *pretty*. Sure, George had pretty privilege and Dream wasn't above telling him as much, but so did Sapnap. This close he could see the faintest of beauty marks on his unblemished skin, the occasional freckle and mark that made him that much more perfect. The scruff on his cheeks and chin scratched at Dream's neck every time he took a deep breath, undoubtedly turning his skin pink where the rough hairs touched. His eyes fluttered occasionally,

soft pink lips just barely parted with the hint of teeth behind them.

He had kissed George before when they got married and George had even kissed him again later that day for a bet, but he never got that with Sapnap, not even as a bet or a joke. He wanted it though, even if it was for a laugh like it had been with George. How his lips tasted was one of the only things about Sapnap left unknown to him, unmemorized.

He wasn't about to be a creep and try to kiss him while he slept through, Dream wouldn't take advantage of him like that. Everything in him said to wake him up and ask though, thumb pressed against his lips. Dream could imagine the confused sleepy look he would give him when Dream would beg for it...

An idea floated through his head like an unpopable bubble that couldn't be ignored, refusing to let him go back to work until he acted on it.

He sat there a moment longer, debating on if it was worth it or not, gnawing on his lip anxiously.

It wouldn't come close to kissing him for real but it might alleviate some of the overwhelming feelings that clogged his veins. If he was caught he would be in deep shit though. Sapnap would hate him, George would hate him.

In the end, he couldn't resist.

With a featherlight touch, he trailed his fingers against Sapnap's neck, grazing his lips against his hair in an innocent kiss, hardly more than a touch of his mouth against the tufts. If Sapnap were awake, he could play it off as him just trying to move with how closely pressed together they were, the only telling sign of it being a kiss was the small smooch noise of his lips as he pulled away.

Sapnap's breathing audibly stopped.

Panic gripped Dream in an unyielding vice, seizing his lungs and limbs so hard he stayed frozen in place, paralyzed.

Sapnap was awake, or at the very least, not as deep in sleep as Dream thought he was.

He waited for his inevitable discovery with bated breath. It could have been seconds or hours, time coming to a standstill, repeating over and over to himself how bad of an idea that had been.

Sapnap's breathing resumed when Dream's stopped.

Dream began to relax when he didn't stir again, straightening up in his chair so he wouldn't be tempted to try that again. Besides, he mourned to himself, it was creepy to kiss him while he slept even if it was just on the head.

It was weird. It was weird and he wouldn't do it again.

Shame prickled under his skin. Watching for any other sign that Sapnap was awake like a hawk, he thought for a second he felt the arms around his neck tighten, another wave of panic rolling through him. Sapnap only moved in impossibly closer, a smirk on his lips even in his sleep.

Dream let out the breath he had been holding and slowly went back to staring mindlessly at the computer screen. He wasn't even editing anymore, just staring at the endless screen and berating himself for his actions.

The tension in his limbs bled out slowly but surely. An insurmountable amount of time passed before his brain finally went blissfully blank, numbed by the motionless screen in front of him.

Dream didn't know when his eyes slipped shut or how long it took for his heart to quit beating in his head. He was so warm with Sapnap on top of him like the best weighted blanket in the world, holding Dream down and grounding him, calming breaths lulling him into synchronicity until he was falling asleep too.

He dozed lightly before he awoke with a start when he felt the man in his arms begin to slip in his slackened limbs, scurrying to tighten his grip on him before he could fall off.

Shit, he groaned, glancing at the time. The bottom of the monitor read seven a.m. but it didn't seem possible that they had been sitting here for two hours.

His back ached in protest at the ramrod straight position he had been holding still, a crick in his neck already starting to hurt. With one arm holding onto Sapnap, Dream used his free hand to wipe at his face and catch his bearings.

Disappointed, he knew he couldn't hold on to him much longer. They needed to get up and go to an actual bed and sleep.

He thought about waking Sap up and telling him to move, but he could already see the disgruntled and stubborn look on his face and the adamant no that would follow. He was a pain to wake up sometimes, always protesting and falling back asleep as quickly as he woke up.

Dream scooped his arms up underneath him, preparing to pick him up bridal style. His leg was asleep, not making it any easier. He struggled to stand up without waking him up, joints popping. Sapnap was absolute dead weight, arms no longer tight around his neck and instead, hanging slack like limp noodles.

Dream frowned, the nagging feeling that Sapnap had been awake earlier returning.

If he had been though, he chose not to say anything, much to his relief. He wasn't sure he could handle the horrifying embarrassment that would swallow him whole.

He made his way to the living room, debating on where to go next. The couch wouldn't be comfortable, but the stairs looked daunting. Dream could just hear him now, bitching and whining if he dropped him halfway up. He briefly entertained the idea of taking him back to his room with him, but he remembered that George was upstairs alone and quickly squashed that idea down.

Bracing himself, Dream began the difficult task of maneuvering up the stairs. Every step he thought was going to be his last but eventually, he made it up, Sapnap none the wiser to his struggles.

George was curled up on one side of the bed, buried under the blankets until only tufts of fluffy brown hair stuck out on top of his pillow. There was an empty spot where Sapnap had been before he got up, sheets still ruffled and pulled back. It made it easier to set him down into it, trying not to flat out drop him.

The second he sat him down, Sap started burrowing in and getting comfortable, eyes still shut despite obviously being awake now.

Dream scoffed, pulling away now that he was safely deposited into the bed.

"Stay?" Sapnap whined, hand tightly wound in Dream's shirt before he could free himself completely.

Why? Why did he want him to stay in the bed with him? If he still wanted cuddles, his boyfriend was right there.

Sapnap wiggled while he contemplated it, scooting so his back was up against George who didn't do more than let out a deep sigh, still asleep and used to Sap moving around sporadically during the night.

“Stay.” He demanded again.

“I can't,” Dream whined, growing more distressed by the minute.

Why would he ask something so impossible of him to resist? It wasn't fair to ask that of him.

Sapnap blinked at him confused. “Why?”

Dream's eyes lingered on George, features lost in the darkness.

“George won't mind,” Sapnap read his mind. “trust me. His voice dropped an octave, tone knowing and implicating. “He would *really* like to wake up and find you in here.”

Dream pinched his lips together. The hell does that even mean?

The way he said it was so suggestive as if George would want him in his bed for more than sleep.

Fear clenched him yet again. Did they know?

No way. There's no way they knew that he liked them like that. Sapnap was just being jokingly lewd like always.

He shook his head, about to turn and leave but something inside stopped him.

Looking longingly at the space, his hand twitched to climb in.

He couldn't imagine how nice it would feel to slip into the sheets with them. It wouldn't be the first time they slept in the same bed, Dream justified. His mind drifted back to them all snuggling together when George had first gotten there. Could it be that different now that they were together? And Sapnap had invited him to stay.

He caved.

Sapnap rolled onto his stomach with a pleased hum. Dream curled up against his side, legs brushing against each other.

He never felt more at peace.

Dream woke up to hushed, excited whispers.

He was too comfortable, wrapped tightly around a warm body to care what was going on. Dream shifted, digging his head into the stomach under him as he wrapped his arms around whoever it was even tighter.

A hand shot out to his forehead to stop him, Dream huffing when the man let out a quiet “ow, Dream quit.”

His sleep-addled brain hummed awake at his name, slowly becoming more aware of what was

going on around him.

Oh right.

Eyes wide open, he sat up so fast the room spun. The warm body he had been laying on was Sarnap who was watching him with a cocky smirk. George sat next to him, just as awake with a sandwich in hand, mouth still open on a half-finished sentence.

“Hey look it’s sleeping beauty,” George grinned at him.

He looked around him, mind racing. He tried to form a complete sentence, but the only thing that left his throat was a garbled “George.”

“You’re so cuddly dude, you laid on top of me for like an hour. You gotta quit doing that digging shit though,” Sarnap rubbed at his stomach where Dream’s head had been.

“Sorry. What time is it?”

“One. We were gonna wake you but you seemed really tired.”

Dream stretched languidly, missing the shared hungry looks he got as he tried to force his brain to function again.

“I haven’t slept that good in a long time,” he admitted, thinking about all his sleepless nights lately. He hadn’t dreamt of either of them since crawling into their bed, and he didn’t wake up shaken for once. Bitterly he wished he could always sleep in here with them.

“Are you hungry? I’ll go get you a sandwich too, we just ate.”

Dream shook his head. “I’ll get something later. Thanks for letting me crash here,” he said as if Sarnap hadn’t begged him to stay.

He started to get up and leave when George stopped him with a hand on his arm.

“Hey Dream?”

Dream looked to George humming in response.

“Do you want to go out with us tonight?”

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

George, Sapnap, and Dream have a night out together at a bar.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this instead of studying :) I hope you enjoy! If you see any spacing issues please let me know, pasting this into ao3 went really wonky.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Do you want to go out with us tonight?”

The phrase rang in his ears on repeat, picked apart, and examined a hundred times over.

It had been a weird way to ask him to hang out, even weirder how Sapnap and George had watched him, waiting for his answer like it meant more to them than having a night out with friends.

Dream almost said no; the word hanging on the tip of his tongue when he opened his mouth to respond. He didn't want to third wheel. The thought alone made him feel uncomfortably jealous but it was like George knew exactly what he was thinking, turning his big doe eyes to Dream with a pout on his pretty lips. “Come on, Dream, please?”

How did he and Sapnap know exactly how to get him to agree to things? They just had to look at him and he was agreeing blindly.

But to be fair, he had just been thinking the other day about how they rarely go out altogether. It felt like they should have gone out and done more by now considering how long George had lived there now. Dream knew that when he and Sapnap went on dates, he got to see Orlando like a proper vacation, but he still felt like a bad host, staying cooped up in the house most days. What was the point of going to another country if you couldn't go out and see it?

Giving in, he answered ‘of course.’ He could put up with third-wheeling for a night.

The smiles they gave him made it all worth it. He couldn't stop grinning like an idiot at how excited they got, already discussing what they were going to be doing and where they would go. Dream sat in their bed with them, listening contently and interjecting his opinions when they asked, content to bask in their giddiness.

The day passed relatively quickly, sunlight bleeding from the sky faster than Dream could keep up with.

He lazily sprawled out on the couch, scrolling through his phone to hide the waves of nervous energy rolling through his gut every time he thought a little too hard about something. It was just going to hang out with his two best friends in the entire world, nothing more and nothing less. It was a totally normal activity and there was nothing to get worked up about. He could handle it.

“Want a shot?” Sappnap called loudly throughout the house from the kitchen.

“Are you drinking?” Dream laughed, sitting up to peer over at the man holding a liquor bottle in hand.

“Yeah, duh,” Sappnap shrugged, looking unfairly good in his loose shirt and tight black jacket, the collar dipping down low enough to expose his collar bones when he moved. “We’re going to a bar and I know George already said he wants to drink a lot and you’ll probably drink with him. I wanna get litty too.”

They had already decided they were going to be drinking tonight so they went ahead and called for a ride instead of driving themselves that was set to be there any minute now judging by the time on his phone.

Sappnap pouted when Dream didn’t respond, pulling three shot glasses out from the cabinet.

“You’re doing one too right?”

“We only got like five minutes max before the uber gets here,” George huffed, interjecting as he hopped down the stairs excitedly.

“SO let’s get it done!” He started pouring messily, liquor sloshing out onto the cabinet in his rush to fill the glasses in time. George lightly teased him about the party foul, already grabbing for a glass and looking expectantly for Dream to join them.

Dream grumbled, the thought of doing shots sending a shiver of repulsion down his spine, but his fate was sealed. “It’s only six. And I don’t even like whiskey.”

Still, he made his way into the kitchen, begrudgingly accepting the golden liquid. Just the smell made him wince, promising a headache in the morning.

“Shut up dude,” Sappnap giggled, clinking the glass on the table and up against theirs before throwing it back in one long swallow.

Dream grimaced and followed suit, the liquor bittersweet on his tongue as it scorched a trail from his lips to his stomach, burning so deep he swore he could feel it lining his organs.

He gagged dramatically, wiping his lips with the back of his hand and looking around desperately for a chaser. Grabbing an unfinished water bottle, he made do, drinking it down quickly without care as to who it belonged to. The water only helped enough to keep from coughing, the horrid taste still clinging to his teeth.

George rolled his eyes. “It’s not *that* bad.”

“Pussy.” Sappnap quipped at him in time with George.

“Hey!” Dream cried indignantly. “That shit is nasty! Nasty!!”

It wasn’t like any of them drank often, he justified silently to himself. It just wasn’t something they were all too interested in doing, and whiskey is nasty, especially the kind they had- far cheaper than necessary as if they couldn’t afford the good stuff that didn’t taste like sewer water.

He turned back around, falling into easy bickering while George laughed breathlessly between them at every insult thrown, cheeks already rosy. He would join in occasionally with a snide

remark at both of them, making Dream's chest feel lighter than it had in ages. He hoped it meant it was going to be a good night like old times.

The uber arrived before they could escalate from bickering to fighting, the three piling into the car, air bubbly with excitement for a night out.

Dream barely contained a snort when George had suggested where they should go. They were headed to an arcade bar just across the city that he had found, filled with old video games from the 80s and greasy pizza. They were leaving the house where they played video games all day to go out and play more video games. It made no sense. But, it was George's idea, and it sounded more than fun to Sapnap and Dream.

Dream sat upfront while Sapnap and George sat in the back. They rode in relative silence, all three suddenly awkward around a stranger who only said hello and confirmed who they were. Occasionally, the smallest of laughter would ring out in the car, or Sapnap would lean up and flick Dream's ear to make him jump, knowing he wouldn't turn around and say anything at the risk of annoying the driver. By the time they arrived, they were all giddy, full of barely contained laughter and bright smiles ready to explode from the silence.

They all politely thanked the driver, shut the door, and let the driver get a few feet away before erupting.

"Asshole!" Dream flicked Sapnap back, the world spinning briefly with the fast lunge towards him. That shot hit harder than it should have.

Sapnap dramatically flinched into George who shoved him off and continued inside, the other two following closely behind with well-placed flicks anywhere they could reach.

The place wasn't too crowded yet and Dream hoped it would stay that way. Without a noisy crowd, the electric hum of old machines and retro videogame sounds filled the room with nostalgia, every glimpse of a game he caught as they walked by bringing up old memories of the games he had grown up on. *Dig Dug*, *Streetfighter*, pinball, and skeeball. They were all there and ready to be played.

Dream couldn't remember the last time he went to an arcade. The entire building felt like childhood, the neon lights illuminating and inviting.

Any regrets he had about agreeing to go out vanished in an instant.

Without hesitation, he grabbed onto the nearest hand he could find, George's, judging by the small yelp he let out, and took off into the room, dragging him close behind.

"Wait we were gonna eat fir-"

"Just a few games, come on," Dream begged, turning to grin maniacally at them. Sapnap kept up, looking just as crazed as Dream felt, already heading to a machine to get tokens like a kid whose parents just handed him a \$20.

George groaned. "I'm hungry though. And we need to eat before we drink."

"Any game! You pick the first one," Dream prompted, looking around. "We should try to play them all."

"That would be so much though, we would be here all night." George followed suit, looking around at the overwhelming amount of games before finally pointing to *Streetfighter II*. "Okay fine, that looks fun."

“Have you played it before?” Dream asked, heading over to the game.

George studied it a moment longer while they waited for Sapnap to jog back over to them, handing out tokens and shoving the extras in his pocket.

“No? I don’t think so. Maybe, it looks familiar,” he grabbed hold of the joystick. “I dunno, let’s just play, fight me Dream.”

“You’re on.” Dream chuckled, feeding the machine and selecting his players.

George did the same and they were off, the rounds shorter and quicker than he remembered. Occasionally he would glance over, George’s face scrunched cutely in concentration as he mashed the buttons in front of him, learning which did what. A few well-placed hits had George’s health down low, and as much as Dream loved to win, there was something about letting George get a good hit on him that was so much more fun.

Dream lost intentionally, though he would never admit it. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from George getting hyped up when he saw he had won, mouth open wide with surprise. With an ecstatic whoop he jumped up and down, yelling “Let’s goooo”, a phrase Dream was sure would be repeated way too often throughout the night.

“You’re such a bad sport don’t rub it in,” Dream teased, bumping him with his arm.

“Oh yeah, well you’re a sore loser so shut up,” George shoved back, turning to Sapnap who had been cheering them on. “C’mon Sap, I get to beat you now.

“Those are fighting words Georgie,” Sapnap quipped, already sliding in more tokens.

Dream stood behind Sapnap, cheering the younger on and throwing insults at George every chance he got. Unlike Dream, Sapnap was actively trying to win, making it all the worse when he inevitably lost, inflating George’s ego. He wiggled his eyebrows at Dream, gesturing to take Sapnap’s place, food forgotten.

Dream shook his head. “No, I think I want to go eat now, you’re cheating.”

“How am I cheating?! You’re just dog water. Absolute dog water, let’s play again!”

George could get so worked up so easily, Dream thought fondly.

He shrugged, accepting the challenge once again at his insistence. This time however he didn’t give George an easy win, throwing everything he had into the game until “winner!” Flashed in big letters across the screen.

Dream smirked cockily at George who only sputtered, Sapnap excitedly hanging off Dream’s shoulders.

“What?! You... “ realization crossed his features. “You were so bad the first round. Oh my godddd,” he groaned loudly. “I should have known.”

“Known what Georgie? Are we gonna go eat?”

“NO! We’re gonna keep playing until I beat you for real.”

Dream could only laugh, already being pulled to a new game by the playfully angry man.

They all took turns at each game they went to, ordering drinks at the bar intermittently and sipping on them while they played. A heady buzz slowly filled his veins, eyelids growing heavy and limbs slow. They played all the classic games, getting far too into it when someone would win, either

playing by themselves or against another, it didn't matter. The alcohol made it easier to not be shy in public, rioting and yelling at the end of each game. Thankfully no one came by to tell them to quiet down.

Sapnap couldn't be trusted to hold the drinks, by the time they turned back around he had already slurped them down. What started as funny quickly became annoying after all their drinks were disappearing before they could have any. Despite this, they were all pleasantly buzzed if not more and Dream was having the time of his life, a permanent grin stretching his face until his cheeks hurt.

Not even the occasional kiss or gentle touch behind his back could sour his mood.

After so many rounds, they made their way from the video games to the more physical games that actually required them to move, a factor Dream didn't consider to be a problem until they got there. Sapnap directed them towards the basketball game where whoever made the most shots won. The room was spinning too much for Dream to process, every shot falling pathetically short of the goal.

"Didn't you used to play sports?" Sapnap teased as if he didn't already know, score higher than Dream could ever hope to catch up to. Dream only giggled, eyes half-closed as he tried and failed another shot. "Shut up."

He could tell he was starting to look more and more like a mess, body warm from the drinks and activities, sweat dotting his forehead. He dropped the ball in favor of pushing his hair back, rolling his eyes at Sapnap who continued to shoot before the timer ran out.

Arms encircled his hips, a gentle guiding hand on his side that had him pressing back against immediately for support.

George is so small, he thought, the man's shoulder pressing into Dream's back. The touch was grounding, quelling the dizzy feeling for a brief, blissful moment.

"Let me help you," he guided Dream to the side who was helpless to follow. George's hands only lingered a second longer before he was gone, picking up the basketball and beginning to shoot for Dream.

He wasn't much better than Dream was, but he at least made a few more shots while Dream got to blatantly stare at both of them. When Sapnap threw the ball he could see the muscles in his arms, no longer obscured by his jacket that was now tied around his waist. He looked hot. And strong. Dream wanted to touch his arm when he threw the ball just to feel the power there that he could so easily use to pin him down. Then there was George, whose shirt rode up every time he stretched his arms above his head, jeans riding dangerously low on his thin hips, all pale skin.

Dream thought he could vaguely make out a bruise on the unblemished skin there, dark purple and yellow looking dark under the neon lights. He could have got it from hitting it against something, Dream tried to justify. Maybe a hard edge, a sharp countertop. It could have been anything. But it also could have been Sapnap's mouth and the mere thought was making him hot under the collar, or his hands...

He could have stood there and drunkenly wax poetry about how good they both looked all night long. Sadly, the timer went off, jolting him from his thoughts as Sapnap began to celebrate wildly.

"You suck," Sapnap gloated, already walking off to a new game.

"Sapnap's being toxic," Dream giggled, wrapping his arms around George's shoulders, leaning down to cuddle into his neck.

“Are you in your clingy era or what?” George asked, though his hands found Dream’s arms, holding on gently. He didn’t push him off, letting him hang on for a moment. It felt so nice to hold him he never wanted to move.

“I’m not clingy,” Dream scoffed into his hair.

“Dream.”

Oh right.

Dream let go reluctantly so George could walk properly, following Sapnap. Dream sheepishly trailed after him, trying to shake the foggy clouds from his head. He needed to calm down or he was going to do something he would regret come morning.

On their way to the air hockey table, they passed a booth that caught his attention. It was one of the few areas that had an attendant, prizes hanging from the sides for the various games there were to play. Dream fell behind, George joining Sapnap to start their game. The one directly in front of him looked simple enough, tossing bean bags at targets. Vaguely he hoped if he won a prize it would redeem his awful basketball attempt.

“Wanting a prize?” the older man asked behind the counter as Dream approached, already fishing out tokens. “The prizes sure seem to be a hit at a bar. Who knew so many adults would want kiddie stuff like this.”

Dream could understand that. He eyed a particular laser gun, gaging just how annoying he could be with it before George or Sapnap took it away from him. It reminded him of Tommy’s stupid vlog gun.

“I can imagine,” he replied politely, accepting the bags.

He could feel Sapnap looking at him, catching his gaze out the corner of his eye. He turned and gave him a goofy grin, receiving one back tenfold, eyes scrunched tight and face flushed.

Turning his attention back to the game, he began to throw. He managed to hit the majority of them, only missing the ones furthest away that had the same problem as the basketball goal.

“Good job, pick a prize from right over here,” the man hummed when he ran out of bags, beginning to pick them up. Dream grabbed his drink before he could forget it, already about to ask for the gun when he caught sight of a small panda tucked with the teddy bears towards the back. Without thinking about it, he pointed to the bear, asking for it instead of the gun.

The man handed it over with a smile and a nod.

It was cheaply made, the seams of it visible, and the smell of plastic and chemicals seemed to radiate off of it. He tucked it behind his back, rejoining his friends at the end of their match.

“Alright, your turn,” George huffed, losing to Sapnap yet again.

He suddenly felt oddly embarrassed when Sapnap turned to look at him. Blushing, he held the bear out to him silently.

That cheap bear became the most valuable thing in the room with the way Sapnap looked at him.

“You won me a bear?” He asked hopefully, reaching out to take it.

“Yeah it’s a panda, Pandas,” Dream grinned, the old nickname bringing a blush to Sapnap’s cheeks.

Before he could process what was happening, Sapnap had his hands on Dream's shoulders, pulling him down and pressing a fat, wet, kiss to his cheek.

"WHAT-" Dream turned beat red, dipping out from under him. "WHat the hell is wrong with you?!"

Why did they always do things like this to him? He didn't understand. It was beginning to feel like they were doing it on purpose to tease him.

Sapnap only laughed, chasing him with grabby hands. "Come 'er Dream, I just wanna love you!" Dream looked to George for help but he just laughed as uncontained as Sapnap did, Dream's favorite laugh where he sounded absolutely unhinged.

Sapnap caught him again while he was too busy staring at George, pulling him in for another kiss that he barely escaped, screaming "Stop! Stop, actually stop we're gonna get kicked out."

He had a feeling they only did it to see him blush. He sat red and pouting while they laughed, the bear clutched close to Sapnap's chest like it was treasured.

Dream sipped on his drink to hide his embarrassment, taking George's place at the other end of the table. An eternity later, they both calmed down enough to play, much to Dream's simmering annoyance.

Everything was so blurry, his body lethargic and heavy. Distantly he realized he needed to stop drinking before he did something he would regret. He handed his drink to George so both his hands were free who took it with a knowing look in his eyes.

Dream couldn't even hold his head up, leaning over the hockey table for support. He tried to move fast enough to hit the puck that bounced off the wall underneath him before he could get to it. It continued like that for the rest of the game, Sapnap hitting the puck to him softly to watch him struggle to return it before he slammed it into the goal.

"Okay," George giggled, watching Dream's movements with amusement as Sapnap beat him easily, not even needing to try.

Dream felt warm under his gaze, smiling dopily up at him. He wished George would always watch him like that with that little smile and bright look in his eyes and never look away. He basked under it, near preening.

"You need to take a break."

"T'mmm fine," Dream hummed, knowing damn well that George was right but wanting to be stubborn about it anyways.

"You sure about that?"

"Yeah."

"Alright, how does food sound?"

Food sounded good. Really good. He didn't know how long they had been playing but it had been a long time since they had last thought about eating.

Dream sat up too quickly, wobbling on long legs like a newborn deer.

Strong hands grabbed his arm, steadying him. He managed to pry his eyes open enough to see who it was, unsurprised to see Sapnap holding him. Dream threw an arm around his best friend's shoulders, earning a laugh and pat to his chest as he was led from the gaming area to the table

booths.

Sapnap head-butted Dream's shoulder gently with a look on his face that made him melt as they walked. "Thank you for the bear, Dream." His words were soft and sweet, losing their teasing tone. Dream thought his heart could hammer out of his chest. "You're welcome, Sappy Nappy."

Once he was sitting down in the ugly red booths, he felt much better, the room stopping its spinning enough for him to be able to open his eyes better. Sapnap slid into the booth with him, pressed tight against his side in the limited space. The bear was shoved in between them, squished down into the seat so there was enough room.

Inhibitions lowered, he leaned down, resting his head on Sapnap's shoulders. Sap didn't seem to mind, just as inebriated as Dream if not more from the unknown amount he had siphoned from their drinks without them knowing.

A nice waitress came over, handing them menus that they had already looked at online. Agreeing quickly, George got another drink and two pizzas for the table while Sapnap and Dream got waters, Dream still having half a drink in his hands that he was planning on savoring if he was about to be cut off. George hesitantly let him have it back when he grabbed for it, pulling it to their side of the table.

"I'm gonna go to the restroom alright?" George patted the table as he slid up and out, already headings off before Dream or Sapnap could acknowledge him.

The waitress returned shortly after with George's drink, setting it down in front of his now vacant seat.

Dream sat up and glanced around, locating where the restroom was. In the time he looked away, Sapnap was reaching around him for his drink, Dream barely swatting him away before he could get ahold of it.

"You're like a freaking sponge, stop it."

"Oh come on," Sapnap whined petulantly. "that's like your millionth drink, why can't I have some."

"You're a minor."

Sapnap hissed, "I'm 20."

"Not 21."

"Shut the fuck up, you're older by a year. A single year. No one's looking, let me have it."

Dream took a long drink out of spite, not breaking eye contact. The liquor burned less now, which was probably dangerous. The smoother it went down, the more Dream wanted to drink.

"I hate you."

"Drink George's," Dream pointed at it sitting innocently across from them, unaccompanied.

Sapnap looked at the bathroom and then at the drink, temptation written out on his face.

"Nooo," Sapnap grabbed the drink, contradicting his sarcastic words. "I would never do something like that." He was already gulping it down in quickly, eyes locked on the bathroom in case George

happened to walk out. Dream cringed, knowing that even if George had ordered some kind of fruity drink judging by its bright color, it had to hurt to choke down that fast.

“That would be so rude,” he said in between swallows before the cup was empty.

He looked down into it and sighed. “He’s gonna yell at me.”

Dream wheezed hysterically when Sapnap slid the now empty glass back to where it was across the table.

George emerged from the bathroom not long after that, a pleasant look on his face falling into a scowl at the empty drink the closer he got, adding fuel to the fire. Dream couldn’t breathe at the look on his face, slapping the table, Sapnap doubled over and clutching at his stomach.

“Why.”

“Sorry, Georgie.” Sapnap gasped.

“You’re not!”

George sat down, pouting heavily with an annoyed look written across his face whenever Sapnap tried to open his mouth. Dream couldn’t catch his breath, every time they looked at each other he was convulsing with laughter all over again. He wasn’t even sure if it was meant to be as funny as it was but he turned into a tea kettle anyways.

Eventually, the pizza was brought out just as Sapnap was sliding out of the booth to go to the restroom as well, partly to get away from George’s evil looks.

“Oh shit, wait for me?” he asked, both George and Dream agreeing easily before he walked off.

Dream sipped at his drink, waiting patiently and enjoying the girly drink he had last ordered, a blue Hawaiian drink that was too good to resist, not paying attention to George.

Something brushed against his leg under the table, assuming it to be George’s foot. He paid it no mind at first, considering how small of a booth they were in and how long their legs were. Of course, they were going to brush against each other, their knees were near slotted together in the tight space. Except, he didn’t pull away when they made contact. Instead, he slid his shoe up Dream’s leg slowly, the tip of his sneakers nudging against the sensitive area of his inner knee through his jeans.

Dream sputtered, trying not to choke. “What the hell George?”

“What?” he asked innocently.

“Quit playing footsie with me under the table,” Dream pushed against him with his leg, ignoring the flare of heat in his gut.

“I’m not,” George scoffed.

Dream frowned. That was definitely George’s shoe touching him.

They stared each other down heatedly, neither one willing to move before his foot went higher, snaking up to his inner thigh.

Little shit. Dream narrowed his eyes.

“Careful George,” Dream lowered his voice and leaned in across the table, staring up at George through his eyelashes. The alcohol in his system gave him far too much confidence, shamelessly

flirting back, "I might start to think you like me or something."

George leaned in too, so close Dream could feel his breath on his nose. "Maybe I do."
Too far.

Dream flew back, choking, face beat red. "Fuck you," he knocked his foot off.

George threw his head back with laughter, wrapping his ankles around Dream's under the table.

He was too drunk for this. He hid his head in his hands, feeling near paralyzed.

"Dream stop," George pulled his hands away with barely contained laughter. "Come on."
Looking at George, he almost asked why. Why did they do things like that? The question that had etched its way through his skin and seared in his heart every time they pulled things like this. Did they know how much he loved them? How much he was *in* love with them?

He needed to know. He needed to know so badly he ached. The question sat cloyingly in his mouth threatening to bubble past his lips. A part of his brain screamed to do it and blame his confession on the alcohol and an even stupider part of his brain almost did.

"Hey, George?"

George looked at him, laughter subsiding at the soft, suddenly somber tone.

Before he could force the words out, Sapnap was back, sliding into the booth next to him, and out went his train of thought.

"Dream?" George prompted.

Dream's eyes drifted to Sapnap, guilt eating away at consciousness. How could he ask something like that and potentially hurt them?

Sapnap paused, waiting intently to hear what they were talking about.

Dream just sat back with a shake of his head. "It's nothing. Let's eat."
Coward, he bit at himself internally.

Doing his best to calm down, Dream focused entirely on the pizza.

Seriously how long had they been here? He wondered, scarfing down the slice. He couldn't bring himself to check his phone but it had to have been a long time with how hungry he was.

Sapnap and George kept up the conversation that he slowly rejoined, already feeling immensely better with the pizza. By the time they had finished, he felt fairly sober up. Sober enough to feel a bite of panic in his heart at how close he had come to revealing himself. He pushed the thoughts of that almost moment away, doing his best to not focus on it.

They sat at the booth idly once the pizza was gone, chatting nonsense over another drink. Dream didn't even mind sharing with Sapnap who asked politely for once, though they both knew if Dream had said no he would have drunk it anyway.

George bit the bullet first, drawing his phone from his pocket. Dream followed suit, seeing a few missed messages but the most concerning was just how late it had gotten.

"We've been here for six hours already oh my God," Dream exclaimed. "How?"

"I dunno about y'all but I'm having so much fun," Sapnap's eyes widened, taking in the amount of

time. “I didn’t even notice.”

“Do you guys want to go home?” George suggested. “We can keep drinking there.”

Dream made a gagging sound at the reminder of this whiskey at home, Sapnap jostling him playfully at the sound.

He didn’t know how good of an idea that was, mind fuzzy and lips numb from the alcohol already in his veins, but the way they both looked at him so excitedly had him caving instantly. “Yeah! Sounds fun.”

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Dream, Sapnap, and George head home from the bar for more drinking and shenanigans. Things take a turn between Dream and George that leaves Dream spiraling.

Chapter Notes

Oof this is late, I apologize! Here it is though, the big scene I've had written since the beginning, I hope you enjoy reading it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The cold air felt so good on his overheated skin Dream thought he might cry.

Climbing out of the uber quickly, he left his friends for further pleasantries with the driver, too entranced at the feeling of being outside to care if he was being rude or not. He wobbled across the driveway but made it eventually, standing out in the middle of the yard.

The car slowly pulled out of the drive, crunch of tires on pavement filling the air as the headlights took their only source of light.

“Fuck,” he sighed with a chuckle to himself, holding his arms out wide so he could drink in as much of the cold as possible. It was far too cold to be out without a jacket but his alcohol-riddled brain couldn’t comprehend that. A rush of euphoria coursed through him from standing in the darkness, arms stretched wide while cold air rustled his clothes and mind completely blank, the warm presence of his two best friends close behind him. He could have lived in the moment forever, drowned in it for all he cared. Everything was as close to perfect as it could get.

“Dream?” George inquired, standing on the steps to the front door and waiting expectantly.

“It’s nice out here,” Dream grinned.

“It really is,” Sapnap agreed, following Dream’s lead and flinging his arms out wide. He had shrugged out of his jacket before they had left the bar, barely holding onto the fabric as he wobbled around, head thrown back to look at the stars. In his other hand, he still held the stuffed bear in a much tighter hold to not drop it.

“Are we going to go in orrr...”

Dream frowned. Going in meant letting the moment die and he wasn’t ready for that yet. “Can we just stand here for a minute?”

George stayed silent in begrudging agreement, arms wrapped tight around his chest. Sapnap offered his jacket but he shook his head.

"It's kinda nice I guess," he admitted under his breath.

Dream grinned but didn't comment.

No one spoke or even moved. Outside was such a stark difference from the overwhelming presence of the arcade bar that felt suffocating in comparison. It was grounding to be away from the confining walls and loud music. Even the uber had felt stuffy, all three able to cram themselves into the backseat this time in such a tight fit there was never a moment without someone touching him, not that he would complain too much about that.

The moment couldn't last long however, soon George was scuffing his shoe on the sidewalk, shaking his head. "Never mind, it's too cold for this."

"You haven't drank enough then, Georgie," Sapnap hummed, disregarding him.

"Or you've drank too much."

"Or you're a--"

"Stopp," Dream whined, having heard their banter all the way back from the bar. "You're both so annoying, let's just go in."

George's triumphant smile only lasted for a second before Sapnap ran up behind him, slapping his hand down on his ass to make him yelp.

Dream just shut his eyes, ignoring their drunken giggles and heavy flirting. He heard the jingle of keys when Sapnap unlocked the door, but he knew if he opened his eyes right then all he would see is them all wrapped around each other.

Why didn't he do that all the time, he wondered? If he closed his eyes he couldn't be jealous over something he couldn't see.

"Come on," George ushered him inside the grossly warm house compared to the chill outside, hands on his back to guide him. He stumbled in, eyes still shut, trusting George to not let him bump into anything.

When he decided to open them again he was face to face with George. He looked so pretty when he got cold. His nose turns bright red and cheeks flush against his pale skin, his hair all wind-blown and fluffy. George collapsed down on the couch, flashing a bright grin up at Dream that made his stomach curl with desire. "Hi."

"Hi," Dream replied breathlessly.

"What are you staring at?"

You. Your smile. Your eyes, your hair, your hands-

"You have a string in your hair," Dream lied. George rolled his eyes, disbelievingly. To make it more believable he reached down and pulled the pretend string off, dropping it over his shoulder. Thankfully, George seemed drunk enough to go along with it.

"Wanna do another shot?" Sapnap asked, already in the kitchen with their abandoned glasses from earlier.

"Hell no." "Yeah let's do it!"

Dream fake gagged. "Don't we have something else? Anything else?"

"Mmmm," Sapnap hummed, looking under the cabinet. "A bottle of tequila and I think some beers

in the fridge.”

That would have to do, he supposed.

Sapnap poured their shots, making sure Dream got the only one, not like the others. Reminiscent of when the night first began, George and Dream moved into the kitchen. Glasses clinking, they threw back the alcohol, hardly feeling the burn anymore.

They were going to have to slow down eventually. As it was, he felt like his entire body was submerged in jello and he had to pull himself through it to move.

“Why don’t you make us some drinks, pretty boy?” Sapnap’s voice was low, making Dream shiver even though he knew those words weren’t directed at him. “I’ll go put on music then we should play a game or something.”

Dream didn’t move, feigning not paying attention as he waited for George to respond.

A hand came down on his hip as Sapnap brushed by, lingering too long for it to be nothing more than guiding Dream out of the way. He looked up at him inquisitively, meeting an expecting look. *Had he been talking to me?* Dream furrowed his brow. “Me?”

“Yeah, *pretty boy*,” Sapnap repeated himself with a scoff.

What the hell??

Dream was suddenly thankful that liquor made his cheeks turn red, otherwise he would have never heard the end of it for how hard he would have blushed. He all but ran to get away from the younger, hurrying to do exactly as he had asked and cursing how flirty his jokes could get.

They had some juices in the fridge that would suffice as mixers. Dream got down some plastic cups, pouring a hefty amount of both juice and liquor. He was almost positive he poured too much, lost in thought, but George didn’t stop him so it must be alright by his standards.

He couldn’t help but sway along with the music when Sapnap found his speaker and the energetic tune filled the air, feeling loose-limbed and hazy. He slid a drink over to George who hadn’t taken his deep brown eyes off him. Just for show, Dream wiggled his hips some more, wiggling his eyebrows at him until he snorted. “You’re such a nerd.”

“Dance with me,” Dream threw his hip out at him, trying to rope him into it.

George hummed, unconvinced.

Dream did it again grinning. “C’mon, George.”

“What like this?” George waved his arms spastically, a mock of the sprinkler that had Dream wheezing.

“Yeah exactly like that, please,” Dream nodded, mustering his best serious face. George rolled his eyes, unable to stop smiling.

“What are we doing?” Sapnap approached, the music growing louder as he set the speaker down on the cabinet with their empty shot glasses. “Dance party?”

“Dance party!” Dream threw his hip out again, this time directing it to his oldest friend who didn’t hesitate to join him, bouncing up and down chaotically.

No shame left in him, Dream let the music direct his movements, bouncing on his heels and shaking his shoulders. George joined in doing about the same, growing more confident with every step. Not a single one of them actually matching the beat but were simply vibing in the middle of the kitchen at one in the morning. He couldn’t ask for more.

“Oh okay guys, you ready for this?” Sapnap asked excitedly, pulling both their attentions.

He ran around to get in front of Dream who was already fighting a smile, knowing the younger was about to do something stupid.

Hands on his knees, Sapnap looked ready to start throwing back against Dream’s hips that stayed just inches away. His hands fidgeted, ghosting at Sapnap’s sides in hesitation, unsure if he was allowed to grab onto him like that or if he meant for him to. All of that went out the window though when Sapnap began curling and uncurling his back instead of shaking his ass, looking like he was hurling rather than twerking.

“What the fuck,” Dream wheezed, laughing so hard in surprise he nearly fell in the floor. Stumbling he barely caught himself against the kitchen counter, tears gathering at the corners of his eyes. George was in a similar state, caught off guard.

“Why am I the only one dancing, guys,” Sapnap whined. “I wanna see some ass!” He shouted the lyrics back at them, sides shaking with barely controlled laughter. He started arching his back again and this time George joined in, doing a horrendous stanky leg and laughing like a hyena.

“Geo-or-or-gee-“ Dream laughed so hard he could barely spit out the name.

He laughed so hard he thought he might puke. Sapnap looked up at whatever sound he was making, far from a laugh or even being considered human, face red from cackling.

Dream didn’t even think. He grabbed his knees, doing his own awful version of shaking his ass, gaining a new eruption of laughter until he couldn’t breathe, couldn’t see.

They kept it up, each dance move getting farther and farther from how it was supposed to look until they were falling onto the floor, in a heap of giggles, Dream clutching at his sides that ached. Sapnap followed, landing almost on top of him and George close behind.

Every time silence fell, someone would inevitably share a look and they would be rolling all over again. George tried to hide his face in his hands, but all that did was make the other two laugh harder.

“I can’t, it hurts,” Dream cackled, lungs aching for air.

“Dream,” Sapnap nodded at him.

Dream looked away, trying to calm down.

“Dream.”

“No,” Dream shook his head. “Don’t even look at me.”

“Dream.”

Dream couldn’t hold it in, slapping the cabinet with a soundless laugh like a seal. “Stop!” he cried.

At least he wasn’t the only one rendered speechless. Dream looked up to see tear tracks gleaming down Sapnap’s cheeks, George still hiding his face in his hands to keep from laughing anymore, shoulders shaking with the effort.

Finally, he managed a shuddering breath. Then another. It seemed things were going to calm down as long as no one so much as dared to look at each other. He reached on the cabinet for his drink, praying to every god he knew of that no one would make him choke on the drink that already burned as it went down. Despite the sting, it still eased his parched throat.

“Wanna move to the living room?” Sapnap asked breathlessly, standing up and swaying wildly on unsteady legs.

George and Dream hummed in agreement.

Dream briefly entertained the idea of crawling to the couch, but he knew he wouldn’t live it down if he did. Looking around for a way to get up, he was met with George offering a hand. He took it, their wedding bands clinking softly as he did.

“Thank you, dear husband,” Dream giggled lightly, earning another one of George’s dazzling smiles.

“You’re such an idiot,” he murmured, tugging Dream along into the living room.

George was the only one to sit on the couch like a civilized person. Sapnap was already crawling back into the floor when the other two entered the living room, leaning up against the coffee table in the tight space in front of the couch. Dream looked between the two and without a second thought, joined Sapnap, the floor being the best place in the world when the room started spinning as it did at the moment.

“Wanna play a game or something?” George asked, looking between Sapnap and Dream with big brown eyes that no one could say no to.

“As long as we don’t have to move,” Sapnap groaned. Dream rolled his eyes, butting his head against Sap’s shoulder.

“Why not?” He teased. “Did you drink too much?”

“I’m gonna throw up on you,” he threatened back, Dream pulling away quickly at his words, more laughter ensuing though much more subdued than the hysterics in the kitchen.

“What about never have I ever?” George suggested, ignoring their antics. “We don’t have to move for that, just drink.”

“Okay,” Dream nodded. “You start.”

They were easy prompts at first. Never have I ever played American football, never have I ever had surgery, stolen something. They were easy and light-hearted, keeping the conversation going well into the night and the drinks flowing.

“Never have I ever got a ticket,” George stated matter of factly.

“You can’t drive!” Sapnap cried, taking a drink with Dream.

“Never have I ever done drugs,” Dream looked at Sapnap pointedly.

George dropped his jaw in fake shock. “Sapnap.”

“I took, a single, *single*, hit off a blunt when I was 15 at a party, fuck you guys,” Sapnap drank.

It was then bully Sapnap time. George grinned. “Never have I ever underage drank.” Dream frowned.

“On purpose,” George added, remembering the rootbeer story from when Dream was a kid.

Sapnap rolled his eyes, taking another drink.

“Never have I ever pissed the bed,” Sapnap struck back.

“Sapnap!” Dream cried indignantly.

“You did one that wasn’t fair, I get to do one too!”

They missed George taking a drink.

“Never have I ever wrote fanfiction,” George giggled wildly.

Dream groaned, already taking a drink.

“About us.”

Dream sputtered, choking on the swallow.

It was one time, late at night when he was sad and lonely. He had been scrolling on Twitter when he saw a link to a fic about the three of them that inspired him to try. It had only been a few sentences too, written in the notes app on his phone before he quickly backspaced it all and forgot about it.

Their gazes felt as if they were looking into his soul. “Fuck off, I took a drink before he said about us. We literally all know I’ve written fanfiction before.”

Dream would sooner keel over dead than have them find out about those few sentences he wrote. A snort.

Dream blushed, hiding his face in his hands. “Shut up. Never have I ever...” he hesitated, trying to think. “Gone to college.”

It was simple and boring and they all knew that about each other but no one called him out on it, taking their drinks instead.

“Okay,” George began. “I’ve got one. Never have I ever had sex with a girl.”

Sapnap rolled his eyes taking a drink as if this wasn’t new information, but Dream was too stunned to move. “Ever?”

“Nope,” George popped the p.

“But guys?”

A nod.

“Why didn’t you ever say anything before you and Sapnap started dating?” Dream asked, a little hurt. He always thought there was nothing they didn’t know about each other. It stung to know he had been left out of the loop. He looked to Sapnap, wondering if he had known before they got together.

At that George shrugged. “I don’t know. I had such a huge crush on you and I didn’t want you to find out so I just. Never said I was gay.”

All his previous mirth left his body. George had liked him? He had a chance once upon a time? The more he considered it the more he wanted to cry.

“You had a crush on me?” Dream asked.

George nodded but didn’t elaborate. Sapnap gave another prompt, either oblivious to the new tension in the air at the revelation or uncaring.

If anyone caught onto his sudden change in mood, no one commented on it.

They continued to play, finishing off their drinks and moving onto the beers in the fridge. No one was sure how or when they had gotten in the fridge but since they were there they might as well drink them.

After each question, it seemed like Sapnap inched closer and closer to George. Dream watched him worriedly, wondering if he should take his drink from him or not. Eventually, he made his way from sitting by Dream against the table to pressing his face into his boyfriend's knee, arms wrapped tightly around his legs.

"Sap?"

"I'm okay, let's keep playing," Sapnap suggested, though he didn't have his eyes open anymore.

George and Dream shared a look.

The next drink he tried to take though sloppily spilled down George's leg who let out a loud protest at the cold liquid now staining his pants.

"Stopppp," he whined, grabbing the drink from his hands before it could spill any further.

Sapnap didn't even fight for his beer, curling his arms back around George and nuzzling in.

Dream gave him a soft smile, him and George trying to keep up a conversation though they both inevitably ended up distracted by the now sleeping man. He looked so tired and sweet the way he let his eyes slip shut, soft snores emitting from him with every rise of his chest.

"Sap," George cooed, running his fingers through his hair, stroking the wild strands back.

Sapnap groaned pressing in closer.

"Go to bed, baby."

Dream hugged his legs close to his chest, watching the interaction with more intensity than he should.

"If I move I'll die," Sapnap muttered dramatically.

"Well, why did you drink so much?"

"Why did Dream make it so strong??"

Dream snorted. "I did not."

"Did too."

"Did not."

"Let's get you to bed," George interjected, cutting off their fussing. He stood, wrapping his arms around Sapnap and hauling him up the best he could.

As soon as he was standing, Sap turned and buried his face in George's neck, pressing sweet kisses anywhere he could reach. George giggled, cringing away but not stopping him.

"Need help?" Dream croaked, though it was the last thing in the world he wanted to help with. Not with how badly he wanted in on it.

Resigned to their night ending, Dream idly picked up some trash and so before he went to bed he could drop it all off in the trash can.

"I've got it," George assured him. "I'll just take him to my room, I don't think he can go up the stairs right now. I'll be right back."

Dream blinked in surprise. He had expected George to stay with Sapnap with the way he was grabbing on to him like the world's handsiest octopus. Even if Sap was too inebriated to do anything, he surely didn't want to be alone.

While George was occupied, Dream took the opportunity to move to the couch, leaning heavily on the back of it. He let his eyes fall shut until he heard a door shut and felt a subtle dip in the cushions.

When he opened them again, George was staring right at him with soft brown eyes so dark his pupils were lost.

“Hi.”

“Hi.”

“Why didn’t you stay with Sapnap?” Dream asked inquisitively.

“I knew he’d be asleep before he even hit the bed. Besides, I wanted to keep spending time with you.”

His words made his entire body feel warm. “Oh.”

George moved in closer, taking Dream’s left hand in his. “We’re married,” he played idly with the ring around his finger. “You’re my husband.”

“Yeah, I’m your husband,” Dream leaned in too. “And you’re mine.”

Mine. Dream wanted to call George his more than anything.

“Did it scare you, last spring when you asked me?” George looked up at him.

Had it been last spring? Dream thought about it, realizing they had indeed been doing this since the spring. It was nearly winter now.

“It scared me so bad,” Dream admitted with a small laugh. “Did it scare you?”

“Yeah, I was literally marrying the guy I was in,” he faltered. “In love with or whatever for years just to move to an entirely new country.”

In love for years. Dream’s heart panged at the omission.

They were so close Dream could feel George’s breath hit his chin when he talked.

“You had a crush on me?” Dream asked quietly, the question plaguing his mind since he had brought it up earlier. He wanted him to elaborate, tell him just how many years had it been. From the very beginning like it had been for Dream? Or was there a defining moment when he first felt it?

“More than a crush. For so long too,” George blushed. “I thought you knew that.”

“No,” Dream sighed longingly. Their knees brushed, neither pulling away from the contact. “No, I had no idea or I would have...”

Would have what? What would he have done?

He regretted the sentence as soon as he said it.

George however latched onto it, looking at Dream curiously. “Would have what?”

Dream couldn’t answer, he didn’t know how. Maybe in a different life, he could have, one where this conversation took place before George was no longer just George to him. Now he’s George, who is Sapnap’s boyfriend. Sapnap who was fast asleep just down the hall.

It felt like a betrayal to say how he would have acted on his feelings.

They stared at each other for a long time after that, neither saying a word. His silence seemed to have spoken for him, intimacy dripping in the space between them that was growing shorter by the second.

What was he doing?

Dream couldn't say who leaned in first. Maybe it was him when his eyes happened to linger on George's lips, so close to his own, maybe it was George when he followed his line of sight. Either way his eyes slid shut at the first ghost of lips against his, heart quivering in his chest.

George's hand came up to cup his cheek, running his thumb over the rough, day-old stubble. He tasted like remnants of tequila and beer and something so sweet and familiar from that day at the beach when Dream had last been graced enough to have this.

Dream deepened it, licking at his lips to get more of him, anything he would be willing to give him he'd take greedily. His entire body sang when George reciprocated, parting his lips and letting him in with a deep sigh.

George pulled away first, falling back against the couch with his eyes still shut tight, Dream's hands still on his waist, ready to pull him in at a second's notice.

Dream pulled his eyes open, leaning back against the couch too as the reality of the events that just took place set in, cutting through his hazy brain like a knife.

He had given him a taste of something so unattainable it was devastating and the only thing Dream could think is *that's not fair*.

That's not fair.

"That's not fair," he breathed out, voice no more than a tender whisper. He couldn't keep the soft, sad smile that followed off his face, overwhelmed. He had shown every ounce of affection he had for George with nothing left to hide.

Dream never felt more bare and vulnerable in his life. George knew everything.

"I know," he smiled back, sickly sweet like a mouth full of honey.

He thought his heart might beat out of his chest, thumping so loud George could probably hear it.

No one made a move, Dream caught between a million jumbled thoughts all at once and mind being completely blank.

"I think I drank too much," George shut his eyes tightly. "Maybe I should have gone to bed with Sapnap."

"Maybe," Dream hummed in agreement. How could George go back to such casual mindless chitchat after what just happened? And just casually mention Sapnap as if...

As if...

Dream felt sick.

"I think I'm gonna go ahead and go, are you going to too?"

It felt like an invitation as he stumbled up and made his way to the hallway, standing in front of his door and looking back at Dream, waiting. An invitation to what, he wasn't sure, but he wasn't about to accept anything right now. Not when he felt like he was in the middle of a hurricane of emotion. He thought back to sharing a bed with him and Sapnap last night and wondered if that's what George was implying but it made him dizzy to think about.

"No I don't think so," Dream mumbled, looking around at anything that wasn't George. Shame made his blood run hot and his stomach nauseous.

“Oh,” his voice sounded much smaller. “Okay. Good night, Dream.”

Disappointment palpable like a punch to the gut, George’s playful light to his face was replaced with something sadder, disappearing into his bedroom.

The door closed with a soft click.

Dream couldn’t shake the feeling he had missed an opportunity and messed everything up all at once.

He didn’t know how long he slept, all he knew was that it wasn’t enough. It could never be enough.

Head throbbing, Dream groaned loudly, immediately regretting the loud noise, exhaustion so deep it settled into his bones.

For the first few minutes, his mind was blissfully blank, only focusing on forcing himself more and more awake.

Dream could hear the clinking of the fridge, the muffled sounds of talking, and cat food being poured just like every morning. He could almost believe it to be normal.

Then reality hit him over the head.

Oh, God. What the fuck did he do.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Dream is forced to deal with kissing George but things take an unexpected turn for the better after things come to a head between the three.

Chapter Notes

There's only two chapters left!! I hope you enjoy, thank you to everyone who's read this far and stuck with it through the angst.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Theoretically, he knew at some point he was going to have to pry himself out of the bed. There was no reasonable way to stay in his room all day without ignoring his basic needs and he wasn't about to resort to pissing in empty bottles and starving all day just to avoid his housemates.

Probably.

The idea still held some appeal.

Dream whimpered, anxiety like a hard rock in his chest as he laid in his bed. He kissed his best friend. Who's dating his other best friend. And he lives with them both and he's married to one and suddenly he couldn't figure out how he had swum down so deep until he couldn't make it up for air in time.

And now he had to go out into the kitchen and pretend it didn't happen. To sit there and accept George's coffee and listen to them talk like he didn't know exactly what his lips felt like. He could hear them up and talking, moving around, getting things but the most Dream could manage was to stumble up to his door, and twist the lock so neither of them could come in before he collapsed back down under the blankets, head throbbing.

Thankfully he had a water bottle in his room that he could chug down, delaying the inevitable confrontation waiting for him outside his door.

He wondered if George told Sapnap what happened. Did he put all the blame on Dream? Or say it was a mutual mistake? Or did he choose to ignore it completely and hide their betrayal from their best friend? Whatever was being said out there didn't sound like fighting. He thought he might have even heard a laugh.

Like a coward, he buried deeper in his blankets, pulling them around tight like a shield. He had to face them at some point, but it didn't have to be right now.

Dream stared blankly at the ceiling, caught between a million thoughts all at once and none at all. Idly he reached for his phone that normally stayed on his bedside table, only to realize he had left it somewhere in the living room, adding yet another reason he had to eventually go out and face

them. The thought alone made him queasy.

Without the phone as a distraction, Dream's fingers went to fiddle with the ring on his left hand absentmindedly, pulling it off to play with between his fingertips. The band was cheap to begin with, not really having been bought to wear every day like he had been. His has become slightly misshapen over the months from hitting it on things, knicks and scratches decorating the surface, the edges beginning to tarnish and turn a rusted brown. Did George's look the same?

With a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, he tossed the ring to the bedside table, watching it roll around before finally circling into a stop. Looking at his hand, the line the jewelry left behind could still be seen as if he had never taken it off.

The tan line that was once treasured now brought tears to his eyes, prickling at the corners and obscuring his vision. Hate bubbled in his chest at the silly line, wishing that he could wash it off like it was never there to begin with. But in the end that wasn't possible. Much like the events of last night, he supposed, because he couldn't wash that away either, it would be wrong to even try.

Dream choked back a sob, burying his hand under his pillow so he wouldn't have to look at it anymore, knuckles feeling bare without the ring.

Last night he was in disbelief and shock. This morning he felt numb, hollow, filled only with gut-wrenching guilt as he tried to process and come up with a plan to deal with the kiss.

"Dream? Are you up?" A voice called from the hallway with a knock that stole his breath away.

Dream froze, not daring to so much as look at the door in case his bed made a noise to indicate he was awake. He wasn't ready, what would he even say, where would he begin? Would he talk to George first or Sapnap or both or-

"Dream?" George called again when he didn't answer. The doorknob twisted, relieved beyond relief that he had thought to get up and lock it. "Why is the door locked? We fixed breakfast if you want some."

Dream fought with himself on whether to respond or not, ultimately keeping his mouth shut.

"... I'll save you some, it'll be in the microwave when you decide to wake up and spend time with us," George huffed. He waited a minute longer before the soft patter of feet left his door, leaving him alone once again.

Unwanted tears sprang at the corner of his eyes. He blurring reached up to wipe at them but more just took their place, head pounding from the ridiculous amount of alcohol he had drank last night. It felt as if his ribs couldn't expand far enough to get a full breath no matter how hard he panted.

An ugly, inhuman sound ripped from his throat.

He felt so selfish, the way he wanted to call after George and go eat breakfast altogether, and even more selfish for wanting either one of the two men waiting for him in the kitchen, much less both of them. Most of all he felt selfish for how he hurt Sap. He could only imagine the way he must feel, or was going to feel when he found out if he hadn't already.

Dream stayed there, listening to their sounds in the kitchen. Though it was muffled, he could hear them chatting, the clinking of plates, the tone of voice Sapnap used to tease George mercilessly, and George's indignant cries that followed. It all sounded so domestic, driving the final nails in his homewrecker coffin. It might as well be painted on his forehead in big bright letters.

There were no clocks in his room as he relied on his phone for things like that, so he had no idea

how much time passed. The only way he could gauge it was by the sun steadily rising higher and higher into the sky and the hungrier he grew. The sounds outside his door dissipated and the silence left his skin itching.

Resigned, he pulled himself up, deciding he needed to shower and eat at some point.

He didn't bother trying to look decent today, going instead for the comfiest, rattiest clothes he could find. By no means would he be winning any awards for best dressed, but the sweats were roomy and the shirt a size too big, giving him plenty of room to hide in.

Pressing his ear against the door, Dream couldn't hear anyone outside of it. Hesitantly, he unlocked the knob, twisting it open to peer out.

Tension draining from his shoulders, he noticed there was no one out there. Quickly, he ducked down the hallway and into the bathroom, locking the door behind him once again just for good measure.

EW, Dream stopped once he was inside, looking at himself in the mirror. He looked like a mess. Bags under his eyes, oily hair, not to mention his breath that smelt and tasted like stale beer. Grabbing his toothbrush, he loaded it up with toothpaste and climbed into the shower with it, brushing while the water warmed up.

The shower was loud enough he knew George and Sapnap could hear it and know he was awake if they happened to be downstairs instead of up so he drug it out, staying under the water until it ran cold. Guiltily he hoped no one needed to shower after him.

It made him feel more human though to have the dirt and grime from their night out washed off his skin. Feeling a bit more confident, by the time he stepped out, Dream thought he might be able to deal with his problems. It would hurt, but he could do it.

Shimmying into the sweatpants and shirt, he hid in the fabric that swamped his figure, offering the faintest of comfort for what he was gearing himself up to do.

His stomach growled again as he prepared to exit the bathroom and duck back into his room, the pizza from last night long since burnt off.

The house was quiet as he made his way down the hall. Figuring both the others must be upstairs, he walked a little taller, not minding his footsteps as much.

Dream wasn't sure if he should eat the pancakes or not as he made it into the kitchen. Somehow even doing that felt like some kind of micro-betrayal. Was that even a real thing or was he just making shit up? Either way, he wasn't about to touch the innocent-looking plate in the microwave.

He opened the pantry, about to fish something out when a voice called out behind him, startling him so bad he nearly fell over as he spun around to face him.

"Dream! There are pancakes in the microwave."

Dream stopped like a deer in the headlights. *How had he not seen him sooner??*

Maybe he wasn't as prepared as he thought he was, because Sapnap was looking at him curiously from the couch where he had sat just last night with George and suddenly he felt like he might cry all over again.

"Dream?"

Abandoning the thought of food, he turned harshly before the tears could fall, not even acknowledging Sapnap and his worried look as if Dream deserved his concern.

Taking off down the hall, Sapnap continued to call after him before following after. Dream shut the door between them, catching the way Sapnap's eyes widened as it slammed shut.

"Wha-Dream!" he cried, knocking on the door.

Dream refused to open it. Flat out refused. All the emotion he was suddenly faced with made it feel as if he could bubble out of his skin.

"Hey, why are you crying?" Sapnap didn't give up, knocking more. "Just open the door. Please?" Dream didn't respond.

"Will you open it for George?"

There wasn't a chance in hell he was going to do that.

He slumped down against his bed and into the floor, hiding his face in his knees as another silent shudder wracked his shaking body. He didn't know how he had any tears left to cry but they just kept coming.

"Dream?"

Dream flinched at the new voice. Now they were both outside his door, undoubtedly wearing those concerned faces.

"Did you try the handle?" George murmured. "He had it locked earlier."

With a sinking feeling, he realized the door wasn't locked anymore. Before he could get to it, the handle jiggled and the door was slowly creaking open.

"Dream what's wrong?"

Dream's breathing increased as George poked his head in. He was breaking apart, unable to calm down enough to think or act accordingly. It was too much, too overwhelming.

George came closer, hesitant while Sapnap stood in the doorway. "Talk to me, what happened?"

He didn't want his tender words. He wanted George to leave. He almost even wanted him to go *home*. Maybe an entire ocean between them would make him feel better.

George laid a hand on his shoulder and it was as if everything inside him broke. All the tension he had been carrying, all the pent-up emotions and sadness and angst he had felt since they got together, the sick guilt in his stomach from kissing him, it all exploded in a single, sharp burst.

"Get out," he barked, shaking his hand from his shoulder.

He hated how George flinched back, hated how Sapnap cringed at the harsh, cold tone he had never heard come from him before.

There was no turning back now. His voice shook with conviction, "get out of my room right now, George I'm not even kidding."

Sapnap furrowed his eyebrows, obviously confused. "Hey, don't be mean--"

“Mean?” Dream growled. “Me? What about him?”

“What did I do?” George scrunched his nose at him. Any other day he would have thought it to be cute.

“What do you mean what did I do, you know what you did, and what I did,” The lump in his throat prevented the words from coming out.

“I really don’t, explain-”

“Just get out of my room.”

“Dream what the hell?” Sapnap asked defensively, arms beginning to cross in frustration.

“I kissed George,” he blurted out.

Sapnap stared him down. “... And?”

“And? What do you mean and?”

Sapnap shrugged, missing his point entirely. “What does it matter, he told me this morning.”

So he did know. So why was he acting so oblivious?

Dream felt trapped, unsure if his words were making any sense anymore. “And you’re fine with that? Not gonna say anything about it? Come on, you have to know how much I love him by now and you act like you don’t. I try so hard every day,” he slapped the floor. “To be happy for you two. But you just keep on with the hand holding and the cuddling and now the kissing and I can’t take it anymore! You’re both just teasing me! Right? Because,” his voice cracked. “Because you know how much I love you.”

No one spoke.

He dared to turn his teary green eyes up to George expecting to see anger at his outburst but instead, he looked stricken as if Dream had said the worst thing possible to him. Sapnap had a similar look on his face and Dream knew he was missing something but his anger burnt too hot to see clearly.

“Please-” George began to whine.

“George,” Sapnap cut him off. “Lets give him some space, come on.”

Crestfallen and shoulders hung, George stood, looking between Sapnap and Dream over and over before finally, he ducked out behind Sapnap.

Left with only Sap, his anger fizzled out like a flat soda, melting into bitter sadness as he looked him over. Dream couldn’t imagine how hurt he must feel right now.

“I’m sorry,” his voice broke over the lump in his throat, no louder than a whisper in the quiet room. It felt like his outburst had taken all his energy, leaving him rundown and drained. “I kissed him. I’m sorry.”

“Hey, I’m not mad at you, Dream. I don’t think any of us are on the same page anymore, not even me and George. And that’s okay! But you’ve got to breathe, okay?”

When had he stopped?

His chest shuttered, inhaling deeply.

“I can’t,” he gasped.

“Yes, you can.”

Dream must have looked as lost as he felt. Sapnap gingerly took a step forward. "Can I come sit with you? It's okay to say no, I'll give you space too."

"Why?" He snipped. "You should be so mad at me. You should- you should hate me right now. Hit me or something."

Sapnap came closer, curling up in the floor next to him so close their legs brushed. He leaned in and Dream shut his eyes, bracing himself for a blow, yelling, frustration, anger, *something*.

"Dream!"

Dream flinched away.

"Open your eyes you asshole."

There it was. Righteous anger.

Dream pried his eyes open, ready for it.

Instead, Sapnap's lips met his in the softest touch he'd ever felt.

Dream froze, eyes wide open, letting Sapnap kiss him. He didn't dare move, not even to reciprocate.

Somehow in all the different scenarios he had pictured in his mind this morning when he imagined talking to Sapnap about what happened, he hadn't imagined this.

After a frustratingly anticlimatic kiss when Dream didn't respond, Sapnap pulled a short distance away. His eyes locked on Dream's before drifting down to his mouth, hands resting on his shoulders.

"Kiss me back, idiot," he whispered against his lips and that was all Dream needed. He caved, tears wetting both their cheeks as he cupped Sapnap's face, scruffy beard rough under his fingertips, pressing together in a real kiss.

This is it, he thought vaguely. The moment he had been waiting for for years; from when he first realized how much he liked Sapnap as a teen to when he fell in love when they moved in together. Dream poured it all out to him through that single action, every discord call he never wanted to end every jealous thought he had of George, every missed chance he ever had.

Sapnap pulled away first, holding his face close while Dream continued to steady his breathing.

Neither spoke until he settled down, no longer panicking but feeling more confused than ever.

"Better?"

"Better," Dream agreed.

It was Sapnap's turn to look uncertain. "Do you want to go eat your breakfast and talk? Or do you need a minute or something?"

"I think if you leave me alone right now I'm gonna spiral again," Dream admitted, more than a little embarrassed.

"Okay," Sapnap nodded acceptingly. "Then let's go find George."

Sapnap stood and reached his hands out to Dream, pulling him up effortlessly. He stumbled a little at the sudden lift, Sapnap holding onto his waist until he righted himself.

With a tinge of hope burning like an ember in his heart, he leaned down, waiting patiently for Sapnap to understand what he was asking for.

Thankfully he did without Dream having to voice it, pressing a sweet kiss to his lips that had him spinning by the time he pulled away again.

He fell into step behind the younger man, letting him lead the way down the hall.

As they came into view of the living room, so did George who sat on the couch, curled up tightly and looking dejected. He looked so sad with his shoulders hunched and watery brown eyes that turned to follow Dream when he saw them.

His throat felt tight. He needed to apologize, anything to get George to quit looking at him like he wanted to cry. He didn't know what his goal was when he yelled at him the way he had but it certainly wasn't to make him feel like that. Or maybe it had been, just to push what he had been feeling onto George but now that he saw it, he couldn't stand it.

Dream trailed close behind Sapnap, feeling small despite being the tallest one in the room.

"Dream?" George whispered the closer he got.

"I'm sorry," his shoulders sagged, biting his lip to keep his own tears from spilling again. "I shouldn't have yelled."

"You shouldn't have felt like you had to yell."

For as much of a brat George was most of the time, he could be so kind and understanding at the same time.

"Pancakes are in the microwave still," George offered tentatively.

Dream nodded, prying himself from Sapnap's side and heading into the kitchen. He didn't even bother to heat them up, too out of it to want to eat anymore.

Plate in hand, he turned to find the other two at the kitchen table, sliding into the still mostly unused seats. They each sat on their own side, leaving one for Dream as if to give each of them plenty of room to think and breathe without someone crowding their space as they so often did.

"Are we going to talk now?" Dream croaked, sitting down with them.

They both nodded in agreement, yet no one spoke.

Sapnap eyed the plate, silently urging Dream to eat.

As much as he didn't want to, he took a few bites until Sapnap seemed satisfied enough.

"Why did you freak out on me?" George blurted out, lost in his own turmoil. "Did I go too far last night or make you uncomfortable?"

"George," Dream whined. "I... I don't know. I thought you... we kissed but you're with Sap," he finished lamely. He had been so sure they had cheated on Sapnap last night, so sure in his conviction that he and George were in the wrong. All of that was thrown out the window now though with the way Sapnap had kissed him in the bedroom, leaving him floundering in confusion. His words sounded unsure even to himself.

George's eyebrows furrowed under his fluffy brown hair, nose scrunched. "Yeah? But we went on

a date yesterday.”

“WHAT” Dream sputtered.

He didn’t know what he expected George to say but it certainly wasn’t that. Nothing about today was going how he expected.

Sapnap spoke up, eyes narrowed. “You did not drink enough to forget us asking you out yesterday, dude.”

“That was a date?”

George was getting riled up, he could see it in his movements, how his shoulders tensed and his hands fidgeted under the table. “Yes? You wouldn’t let me pay because you’re a dick but we asked you out, you said yes. I thought... did you go the entire night not knowing it was a date?”

“So the other morning-”

“You were literally in our bed! On top of me! Dream you kissed me the night before that!”

Realization dawned on him. That night Sapnap curled up in the office chair with him seemed so long ago now but he still remembered the hitch in his breath, the sneaking suspicion he had been awake.

“You *were* awake,” Dream gulped. Mortification flowed through his veins like ice, face turning redder by the second.

Sapnap nodded. “Yeah I was, I told George that morning and then we asked you out.”

His confusion only continued to grow. “I thought you just meant go out like hanging out as friends because we haven’t done that in a while.”

“... I invited you to bed with us how is that friendly?!” George’s voice raised, getting more worked up as the conversation went on.

“When?” Dream cried back, food forgotten.

“Last night! I kissed you and said I’m going to bed, are you coming? And you said no! Obviously, it would have literally just been for sleep but how the hell would you ever think that was just homies cuddling in the bed after-”

“No no no you did not phrase it like that, you gave me the most vague bullshit phrasing-”

“You’re actually so dumb Dream-”

“Shut up and let me talk-”

Their voices continued to rise, all three talking over one another at the same time, no progress being made. Sapnap tried to make this known, growling “you’re both nimrods arguing like this” but when he went ignored he began adding to it, shouting over the other two just the same.

Every time Dream spoke, George would talk over him or Sapnap would cut him off. He was growing more and more irritated with every cut-off sentence that died on his tongue. It came to a head when George rolled his eyes one too many times, disregarding anything that came out of his mouth.

His stomach lurched at what he was about to do but he didn't let that stop him. Dream reached over the table to grab George by his shirt, pulling him up harshly to avoid the table and crashing their lips together.

George struggled at first out of surprise before he relaxed into it. Teeth clinked against each other messily in the fight for dominance, George letting out a soft moan that Dream drank in greedily. It was different from last night, soft lips turning harsh and biting as George nipped at his lower lip in retribution.

"Hot," Sapnap snorted, sounding thoroughly amused. "Now sit down."

Dream blushed, releasing George and looking to Sapnap in trepidation. Every nerve in his body was fried, leaving him nervous and unsure if he was allowed to do things like that. Sapnap didn't seem upset though, easing some of his worries. Instead he had a dark look in his eyes that made Dream squirm, feeling like he was about to be devoured entirely.

"Did you really have no clue?" Sap asked earnestly, doing his best to keep his voice calm lest they start shouting again. "We've been after you since movie night."

"Of course I didn't know," *I wouldn't have spent so much time moping around if I knew.* "I thought you were just being nice and like trying to not exclude me or something. But you like me too, both of you, and that doesn't change anything?"

"It changes that you're our boyfriend now yeah."

Dream snorted. The way George said it was reminiscent of how Dream once mentioned divorce and George had refused, saying they were married whether he liked it or not. There was no room to argue or refuse, not that Dream would ever even try.

"No, I meant between you guys."

"No it's just like if you were dating one person, except now there's two. Nothings different, everything is equal between us... if you want that. I assume you do."

He almost pinched himself to see if he was dreaming.

"Dream?"

"Sorry," he shook himself. "It's just a little unreal that this is even an option."

The way they looked at him had him drawing in on himself to hide his vulnerability, flushing. "I've wanted this for so long."

"So have I," George assured him, much softer than before.

"Me too."

They sat there in blessed silence, soaking in the fact that this was really happening.

"Ya know," Sap rubbed at his face after a while with a snort. "We could have had this from the beginning without all the drama if we just, ya know, talked? About things, used our words."

"Yeahh, or if Dream wasn't such an oblivious idiot."

"Well, I wouldn't say that," Dream grumbled, glaring at George. "I wasn't the only one at fault."

George raised an eyebrow.

“We’re idiots,” Sapnap groaned, head in hands before they could begin arguing again. “Such idiots.”

“Speak for yourself,” George grinned, lightening the mood some.

“Yeah, I’m not an idiot,” Dream agreed.

Sapnap glared playfully, fighting back a smile. “No, you’re an actual moron. Shut up and eat your pancakes.”

Chapter End Notes

I'd love to hear what you thought of this chapter!

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Dream, George, and Sapnap go on their first official date.

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! This is now a series!! The next update will not be a chapter added onto Not Fair but a one shot continuation of their night. Since it will be nsfw and explicit, there will be no plot advancements in it, so if you don't want to read something like that it won't be necessary to understand the rest of the story and you can totally skip it without any problems! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The surreal feeling never went away but at the same time, Dream didn't think he had ever been so happy in his entire life.

The elation he felt since they got together couldn't even match when George agreed to marry him or when Sapnap came to live with him. Nothing could compare.

In the last week since he admitted to his feelings and they had begun dating, he had grown more bold and confident at every turn. What started out as brushing arms and nervously spoken flirts soon turned into every chance he got sliding arms around someone's waist, holding someone's hand, flirting incessantly every time he opened his mouth. He didn't care if it was getting annoying or not, he was on cloud nine and there was no coming down.

Not to say he wasn't still uncertain. There was still a little voice at the back of his head whispering that he had overstepped somehow, but his boyfriends were quick to reassure him when that happened. They were getting better at communicating, clearing up any issue that arises and questions that pop up between them instead of letting them fester and grow. For once he felt safe, content in their relationship knowing that they loved him just as much as he did.

Dream quickly changed into his nicer pajamas, fixing his hair in the mirror to look his best for their first official date. He felt a little silly putting so much effort into a simple dinner and movie night, briefly considering putting on something nicer before thinking better of it.

He needed to calm down before this turned into a bigger deal than it actually was. Taking a deep breath, he gave up on fixing his hair. After all, it was only movie night, something they had done countless times before. Just because George had phrased it as being a redo of a first date didn't mean he had to get worked up over it, he reasoned with himself.

Unable to stay in his room any longer, he made his way out to go and pester the first person he found.

Walking into the kitchen, he found a target for all his pent-up energy.

George was elbow deep in the sink, scrubbing at the leftover dishes from last night and humming quietly to himself, completely unaware that he was no longer alone. He looked so cute in his joggers and a loose shirt, fluffy hair swooped to the side.

Dream stopped and listened to him for a moment, admiring his voice with a smile. When George still didn't notice him, too busy scrubbing away, he began creeping silently up behind him. He walked stealthily, knowing where to step to avoid the creaks in the floor that would give him away. Once he made his way as close as he could behind him, he made his move.

With a mischievous grin, he pounced, using his height to his advantage. George let out a squeak of terror as Dream pinned the older to the sink with his hips, skirted his hands up his sides until the fabric of his shirt gathered in his fingers.

"Ahh!" Dream yelled right in his ear.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Dream," George snarled, elbowing him hard in the ribs. Dream winced, letting out a tiny "ouch" between hiccupping giggles. "You scared me to death!"

"M'sorry," he leaned over George's shoulder to kiss his cheek who craned his neck to escape him.

"You're not," he pouted.

"You look really good tonight, Georgie," Dream cooed, trying to appease him.

George sat back on his heel, finally letting Dream give him a kiss in apology. He pressed tiny kisses down his cheek and chin, nipping at the shell of his ear, delighted in the little shiver that ran down his body in response.

"Dream," he giggled, chastising, though his head drifted to the side, giving Dream access to his neck that he took full advantage of. Careful not to leave any marks behind, he kissed and bit at the skin, relishing the way George squirmed, hands still buried in soapy water.

He pulled at the hem of his shirt, threatening to take it off entirely before George finally stopped him, nudging at him with his shoulder.

"Stop, Sap is probably going to be ready soon."

Dream pouted but complied, dropping his shirt and resting his chin on George who only huffed.

"Do we have to cook tonight?" he asked suggestively. "We could order in, get in bed until it gets here..."

George hummed. "No, I wanna cook tonight. We're gonna have a proper date night since you wanted to be an oblivious idiot last time."

Dream rolled his eyes. *Instigator*, he thought with a smile. He had to be looking to start something with the way he brought that up all the time.

"You suck, I'm gonna go convince Sapnap."

"How are you so horny all the time?" George teased, laughing softly.

Dream stayed quiet, face burning. He kept his nose pressed tight to George, thoroughly embarrassed.

When Dream didn't respond, George laughed even harder.

“Mm’not.”

“Quit trying to seduce us then.”

“That’s not what I’m trying to do, leave me alonee,” he whined.

“Y’all in here talkin shit?” Sapnap called, descending the stairs.

George continued to giggle. “No, Dream is just being horny, your honor.”

“STOP” he cried, not budging at George tried to dry his hands. “I’m not.”

“I’d believe it.”

Dream groaned. They were half right. Though they had yet to do anything like that together and the bed did give the opportunity for wandering hands, he really just liked being so close with them both. Sapnap’s room became the one they all three migrated to most nights despite Dream’s being bigger, the queen-sized bed not giving much free space for three grown men. He loved it. He wished they never had to get out of bed in the mornings when they slept in it together. It was so cozy, sometimes too much so if he ended up in the middle where there was never a single second that someone wasn’t pressed against him but he wasn’t about to complain. He would take anything and everything they were willing to give him.

George fought to dry his hands off, unable to fully move with the way Dream clung to him.

“Instead of getting in my way would you like to get the ingredients out?”

“What we cookin, good lookin?” Sapnap came more into the kitchen, flicking Dream in the arm to get him to sit up from where he was perched on George’s shoulder. The second he did, Sapnap was on him in a searing kiss while George faked annoyance as he was held immobile until they finished.

“Spaghetti, garlic bread, and salad. Then after we eat, I went and got us a movie to watch.”

“... Can we watch it in bed?” Dream asked hopefully.

Sapnap snickered, pulling away to start gathering the things they needed. “Horny.”

Dream grumbled under his breath at their laughter.

George assigned him pasta duty which roughly translated to fill a pot with water and watch it boil. It was boring but he complied, letting him boss them both around.

They chatted idly about their lives while they worked on their respected tasks, their channels, recent streams they watched, and ideas they wanted to do. Sapnap talked excitedly about the possibility of Karl coming to visit sometime since they were all three here still.

Dream stopped. “Does he know?”

“About us? I haven’t told him,” Sapnap shrugged. “I didn’t know if we *were* going to tell anyone so I was waiting for you to say something.”

“We should probably tell our friends, right? And like. Our families eventually?” Dream snorted.

“Tell them what?” George giggled, working on the garlic bread. “Oh hey, by the way, we’re all three dating. And me and Dream got married a while back, sorry we kept you out of the loop?”

“Oh God, imagine Quackity’s reaction,” Sapnap snorted, tossing the lettuce into a bowl.

“Nose goes on who has to say it in the call,” Dream’s finger flew to his nose.

“NO I have garlic on my hands I can’t” George looked frantically to Dream and then Sapnap who also had his finger to his nose. “I hate you guys.”

Once the water was boiling, all he had to do was set a timer and toss in the noodles, leaving him to wander around aimlessly.

Knowing George would probably hit at him if he tried to hug him from behind again, he chose Sapnap, doing his best to not startle him like he did George considering he was wielding a knife, finishing up the vegetables for the salad.

“Clingy motherfucker,” Sapnap snipped but didn’t push him away. He let Dream rest his head on his shoulder, arms wrapped around his stomach and pressed together from his chest down to their knees.

“Listen, I wasted so much time being all alone and sad and shit, just let me have this okay?” Dream hummed.

“Yeah and whose fault was that?” George quipped back.

“George we’re actually going to fight if you don’t drop it,” Dream warned, though his words held no heat.

Sapnap finished the salad, putting up with Dream messing with him the entire time and talking to George as if he wasn’t. First Dream pulled his headband off, tossing it on the cabinet and messing up his dark black hair. When that didn’t garner a reaction he then progressed into tickling his neck, blowing in his ear, trying and failing to get him to pay attention to him.

Once the last of it was in a bowl though, the game was on.

Sapnap spun around, thoroughly annoyed and ready to do it all back to Dream. Dream wheezed and cringed away the more Sapnap tickled his sides and pinched at him.

“You’re gonna have to get out if you’re going to act like this,” George groaned when Dream bumped into him trying to get away. “You’re being too feral.”

“Sorry Georgie,” Sapnap giggled, grabbing Dream’s wrist and yanking him hard. He stumbled, slamming into Sapnap who barely caught him.

“You can’t just pull me around like that,” Dream complained, trying to pull himself out of his grasp. “I’m not a freaking doll.”

“What are you gonna do about it, doll?”

Dream scrunched his nose as the name.

Sapnap poked at his sides again, Dream yelping and fighting to get away once again.

“Guys stop seriously,” George pouted.

“Aww is poor Georgie feeling left out?”

“No, *Sappy*,” he said sarcastically. “I’m trying not to burn myself on the stove. Settle down.”

“Okay dad,” Sap sighed. He attempted to calm down before a chuckle let loose again. “Okay, daddy.”

Dream wheezed.

“Why would you say that?” George suppressed his own laugh.

“Maybe I like it,” Sapnap moved, foreword, making to grab George who sidestepped him, bread in hand and ready to go into the oven.

“No, nope,” he held the pan out in warning.

Sapnap held his hands up in surrender, letting George get it into the oven without incident. As soon as the oven door shut and there was no danger of anyone getting burnt, Sapnap slapped his ass.

George popped back up quickly, face red.

“What is wrong with you?”

Dream choked from laughing. “Sap is just on something else tonight.”

“Yeah, Sapnap is the only one acting up tonight,” George spoke sarcastically, looking pointedly at Dream.

Dream just grinned.

When the food finished cooking, the three took a seat at the table, each sitting in the same spot they had a week ago. This time though there were no tears to be found, just bright smiles, faces flushed in happiness as they sat their plates down.

“Thanks for cooking,” Dream smiled at George.

“Yeah, thank you Gogy, it looks really good,” Sapnap agreed.

“Better than take out and staying in bed?” George teased.

Dream nodded, answering around a mouthful of spaghetti. “Way better.”

In the midst of the laughter and banter and play fighting and the intense arguments they managed to drag each other into all Dream could think is *good god I love them*. The food was good but the company was so much better.

He was never going to get over how lucky he was, was he?

“Dream you’re quiet,” George noticed, spinning noodles around his fork.

“Just thinkin,” he hummed dreamily.

“That’s rare,” Sapnap quipped.

Dream snorted at the dig.

George ignored him, focusing on Dream. “Watcha thinkin about?”

He hesitated, torn between telling the truth and saying something dumb to get a rise out of them.

He couldn’t keep the tenderness from his voice as he admitted softly, “how much I love you both.”

In any other relationship, saying I love you shouldn't be said in the first week of dating, on the first date no less, but it should probably be said before being married, so maybe they weren't able to fit into a defined timeline like other relationships. The words didn't feel anxious coming out of his mouth, Dream no longer worried about being rejected by either of them.

His tender words softened their faces, bickering forgotten in favor of the moment.

"I love you too, Dream," Sapnap smiled brightly at him, nudging his leg under the table with his own.

Dream grinned back in response, heart swelling with affection. He dropped his gaze back to his plate, pushing around the noodles.

"... Yeah."

Dream looked up at George who was staring him down. "Yeah?"

"Me too," he bit out with a curt nod.

Dream didn't push, knowing what he was trying to say.

"You're so cute, Gogy," Sapnap teased.

"Shut up," George grumbled.

They continued eating, talking about everything under the sun and nothing at all.

With full stomachs they cleaned up together, leaving the dishes for another time and shoving leftovers in the fridge.

"What movie did you get?" Sap asked, leading the way to the living room.

George brushed past him, excitement lighting up his face. "Oh! Okay, are you ready, Dream?"

The way George spoke always made him feel so much lighter like he was floating with barely contained joy. "What?"

George trotted up to the tv cabinet, grabbing a DVD case that he hadn't noticed there before.

"I bought it the other day just so we would have a physical copy," he explained, handing it out to Dream in excitement.

He took the little black box, turning it over to look at the cover. "Oh, my Godd."

"What?" Sapnap giggled at his reaction, peering over his shoulder.

"*The Proposal*?" Dream laughed, looking it over. "Really?"

"Yes! Come on, it's kind of fitting right?"

"What?" Sapnap asked, looking between them to understand the joke.

"When I asked George to marry me we talked about this movie. Like how it was illegal to marry someone for a visa."

"And they fell in love by the end of it," George said in a sing-song voice, taking the DVD back to

go put it in.

And they fell in love by the end of it, Dream shook his head, words replaying in his head on loop.

“I feel left out,” Sapnap complained, half-joking.

“Come on Pandas,” Dream wrapped an arm around his shoulder, leading him back to the couch.

Dream guided Sapnap to sit down first, giving up the middle so he wouldn’t feel left out anymore while George got the movie set up.

Dream claimed the spot to his right, plopping down and scooting until his head rested in Sap’s lap, long legs dangling off the other end of the couch.

“I think we need a bigger couch,” Sapnap looked down at him and how he barely had room for his torso before his legs began to dangle off.

“Nah, this is a good size,” Dream nudged his leg with his head until he got comfortable.

After George got the DVD in and the tv turned on, he joined them on the couch, curling up under Sapnap’s arms and fitting his head onto his neck.

The first thirty minutes of the movie went fine. Dream followed along with the plot without distraction, everyone staying fairly quiet. It wasn’t until he felt Sapnap’s hand grazing against his arm did he look away from the movie to see what he needed.

Sap kept his eyes on the screen, indicating he wasn’t purposefully trying to get his attention so Dream tried to do the same, ignoring the feather-light touch drifting across his arm. He snuggled in closer, letting himself be pet like a lazy cat.

Try as he might, he couldn’t focus on the movie anymore. He had seen it before with his mom and sister, but he didn’t think he had been paying attention the first time around either, at the time he had been too busy texting George back when he was an entire continent away. It felt like a lifetime ago as if there were two separate eras of time: before marrying George and after.

Dream supposed he was doomed to never see the movie in its entirety.

The feathery touch drifted up and down his arm, over the crook of his neck and down his shoulder blade before coming back up to do it again.

Just when he got used to the pattern, Sapnap deviated from it to trail fingers down his side, ghosting the hem of his shirt and drawing it up to pet at his sides. It tickled, making Dream squirm.

“Sap.”

“What?”

“What are you doing?” he hissed.

“Watching the movie?” Sapnap frowned down at him as if it should be obvious.

George carded his fingers through Dream’s hair, pulling his attention in a whole new direction.

“Would you be quiet?”

He stroked the golden locks softly, otherwise completely ignoring Dream who sighed into the touch. \

The move was all but forgotten with how good George's hand felt brushing and tugging at his hair while Sapnap sent shocks up his spine, skin prickling into goosebumps with every slid of fingertips against his ribs. His eyes fell shut, basking in their attention.

"Don't fall asleep, Dreamie," Sapnap cooed. "Do we need to save the movie for another time? We can go to bed."

"No, we can finish it," Dream answered earnestly, missing their shared devious look.

"Oh okay."

He should have known they were up to something with how he said that.

Drowsily, he didn't pay attention to the way Sapnap kept moving above him. It wasn't until he let out a soft moan did Dream's eyes snap open.

George had ahold of Sapnap by his chin, hand still fisted in Dream's hair that had long since slowed and gone still to kiss the younger man silly. Sapnap looked completely lost in it, dazed when George pulled away to look down at Dream.

"Sure you don't want to go to bed?"

Dream could read between the lines. He never stood up faster in his life, all the blood rushing through his body leaving him woozy. "Yup, I'm ready."

George snorted at his eagerness, standing up and pulling Sapnap up behind him.

Oh, holy shit this is really happening.

"My room?" Sapnap asked as if that was really even a question. As if that wasn't where they all slept every night for the past week.

"Duh." George raised his eyebrow, urging him forward.

"*Duh*," Sapnap sneered. "Don't be rude, I'll take Dream and leave you here."

"You wouldn't know what to do without me."

"Wanna bet?"

Dream followed behind them excitedly, listening to them argue with each other all the way up the stairs, wondering how he got here from one lonely discord message to George all those months ago. He wouldn't give it up for the world.

Chapter End Notes

There is only the epilogue left! Let me know what you thought about this chapter!

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

On their one year anniversary, Dream plans a surprise for George and Sapnap.

Chapter Notes

It's finished :) There is still the final one-shot that will follow but this is the end of the main story! Thank you so much for sticking with me through this, reading everyone's comments throughout the chapters has been really encouraging!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It wasn't that Dream was bad with dates, it was just that life could get so busy so very quickly.

Winter came and went, warm spring turned into sweltering summer and the next thing he knew he opened the calendar on his phone there it was, typed in as a half-joke by himself nearly one year ago:

One year anniversary! XD

Dream blinked. He read over the line once and then once again just to be positive.

Sure enough, the date he and George had gone to the courthouse was coming up less than one week from today. It seemed too soon to have been a whole year already.

Dream leaned back in his office chair, thinking. The sticky heat that is Florida had his skin suctioned to the leather, humidity somehow making its way into the house despite the crisp cool air in the house trying to keep it at bay with fans on at full blast.

A whole year. And it had been the best year of his life. He couldn't even begin to ask for more, not with what started out as having his two best friends under one roof turned into sharing the same bed and waking up to sleepy kisses and sweet words when they passed each other around the house. They hardly went so much as a day without each other anymore.

He snorted, thinking back to when they all went home to spend Christmas with their family. They couldn't even make it a week, whining over the phone about how much they missed one another after only a few days.

That was probably unhealthy, but Dream couldn't find it in himself to care. He was so in love it hurt. Just one gentle kiss from Sapnap had him over the moon for the rest of the day, a pretty smile from George and he was caving to whatever he asked for. He would do anything for them, even with all their obnoxious jokes and jabs that never seemed to end and their inability to work together. Even when they took the joke too far and they fought. Even the nights spent alone in the guest room, unwilling to share with the other occupants he loved them with his entire soul and being.

It was crazy to think about how this time last year he was crushing so hard and staying so quiet about it, agreeing to George's insane marriage plan and hoping that he would never discover the truth. It all seemed so distant now with months and months of memories separating the days.

A whole year.

But was it technically?

He frowned at his phone as if it had the answers.

Sure they were married, but they didn't get together until a few months and a little heartbreak later. When even was their real anniversary?

Dream tugged his ring off his finger, rolling the band between his fingers contemplatively. The metal was nearly completely brown, the silver has long since worn off and the scratches growing deeper. At first, he refused to replace it for its emotional significance, marking what started the chain reactions to get them here. Now it was laziness and a refusal to leave the house and brave the over 100° heat.

Dream shoved his ring back on his finger, an idea popping in his head for something special he could do to celebrate the upcoming day.

Without hesitation, he sat up, typing in the website of a local store he could run to that wasn't terribly far away. He scrolled through the pages and added a few things to his cart, only to disappointingly find they would take a week to get there if he ordered online and shipped to the store. Sappnap and George (and admittedly Dream) had a habit of opening other people's mail so he couldn't send it to the house in case it ruined the surprise, leaving him with only the option to run to the actual store himself.

Today would be a good day to do it, he supposed, since they were all three busy with their own things today. Hopefully that meant he could sneak out undetected. The longer he thought about it the more excited he got, unable to wait a second more.

Dream closed the browser window and erased the history in case someone came in for whatever reason and looked before he pried himself out of the chair.

He stood, moving stealthily out to the living room where he located his shoes and wallet that sat in a pile by the front door with the others.

Grabbing what he needed, he slipped on his shoes, about to go for his keys when a voice called for him from down the hall, stopping him in his tracks.

"Dream?"

Since they shared a bedroom, George's old room was converted back into a gaming room so they each had their own space again. It was helpful for the rare fights, giving them both somewhere to hide in and cool down, and it made playing games together easier.

The door was ajar, the light sounds of keyboard clicks coming to a stop.

"What?" He called back, heart pounding a little quicker.

Instead of replying, George poked his head out the door, fluffy brown hair falling down as if he was leaning as far back as the chair would allow. "What are you doing?"

"I'm just gonna go run some errands," Dream fabricated a decent lie, hoping it wouldn't show on his face.

"Like what?"

"It's nothing, just. Stuff?"

"Oh."

He felt the barest hint of guilt at how disappointed that little "oh" had sounded. The same thing happened anytime Dream tried to plan surprises for them, his partners both too nosy for their own good.

The fluffy head of hair disappeared behind the door, and soon George emerged. The heat had been getting to him all summer, a near-constant sheen of sweat under the fluff of hair, looking miserable every time he stepped outside. He wore a t-shirt and boxers, not even bothering with pants anymore as they only added on to the insufferable temperatures.

He walked over to Dream, holding his arms out expectantly.

Dream complied, wrapping his arms around his lover's shoulders and pulling him close.

"I thought you were busy today," George pressed a kiss to his cheek.

"Oh," he stopped.

Shit. He had gotten so distracted with the dates that he forgot why he was opening his calendar in the first place. "Right, I am huh?"

George looked up at him questioningly. "Did you forget?"

"No," he scoffed, pulling away to grab his keys, a new haste to his movements. "What? Of course, I didn't. I would never forget something important that I need to get done."

George grinned, disbelieving. "Uh-huh."

"Anyways, I'll only be gone like, twenty minutes tops," he lied again.

It would take twenty minutes to drive there maybe, but it would be worth it, he assured himself. He could handle being behind on a few things to get this done instead.

"Where are you going?"

Dream distracted him with a kiss. He felt that same guilt return with the way he manipulated him into dropping the subject by kissing him stupid but it was going to be worth it in the end.

When he pulled away, George gave him a blissful smile.

"Sap still asleep?" Dream asked, changing the subject.

"Yes," George groaned, mildly irritated still that Sapnap had chosen to stay up all night long instead of coming to bed with them.

Dream smiled fondly, trying to stick up in his defense. "Don't be mad, he had fun."

"He's annoying. I'm going to wake him up and make him spend time with me."

“Okay, babe, you do that,” he chuckled, suddenly very grateful to be leaving the house before he did so. He could already hear the way they would grip and moan at each other with Sap exhausted and George naturally whiny. “Kiss him bye for me.”

“Alright, be careful,” George pressed a chaste kiss to his cheek before he pulled away, already eyeing the stairs to go up and bug their boyfriend.

“I will be,” Dream smiled at him warmly.

He waited until George was ascending the stairs before he opened the door and exited quietly.

Not even the bastardly hot sun could ruin his mood, though he did wish he had thought to bring a water bottle or something to cool down with.

Hoping in the truck, he wasted no time pulling out of the driveway, doing his best to not speed the entire way there. Not that he couldn’t afford a ticket but getting pulled over would only waste precious time, and what police officer would be sympathetic to his reasoning? *Sorry I was going twenty over, I just got really excited to go buy my boyfriend a present.*

There wasn’t even a need to rush. The store wouldn’t close until ten tonight and it was only 2:30.

Dream entertained thoughts of how he would give it to them the entire way there from the simplest of actions to the grandest of gestures. He could walk into their rooms and just toss it at them, he could plan an elaborate dinner, he could wait until the intimate moments shared at night to slip it on them and study their reactions. He could recreate their day at the beach or their night at the arcade or their millions of other dates they had gone on over the year, something fun and romantic for them to do together.

There were endless possibilities, each one he came up with better than the last until his head was swarming with them, wishing he could do each scenario he came up with.

Before he could overthink too much, he arrived at the store, a giddy feeling bubbling in his chest.

The parking lot was empty save for a few cars, promising the chance to get what he needed without being the sole focus of attention. He wasn’t quite sure how he would explain his purchases if they asked as they undoubtedly would, leading him to explain that he had two partners instead of one.

Walking inside, there were few people milling around, staring down into glass cases that glittered brilliantly under the fluorescent lights. Everything in jewelry stores was so distractingly glittery. Dream stared at a shiny necklace for a long time before he shook himself out of it, remembering he did have things to get done at home waiting for him.

A woman behind the counter noticed him first, giving him a polite smile. “Hello, how can I help you today? Looking for something specific?”

“Yes! Where are your wedding bands?” Dream asked, a little nervous.

“Men’s or women’s?”

“Men’s please.”

“Just over here,” she walked slowly so he could catch up, guiding him to the other side of the store. She stopped, pointing into the glass case directly in front of her.

He looked down, expecting to see a couple of rings, maybe ten at the most. He could feel his eyes

start to bug out as he took in the sheer amount just below his fingertips.

There were so many options compared to when Dream had picked their first ones on a whim, half as a joke. There were two different kinds at the time, silver or gold and that was the extent of it, nothing more than plain bands a few different sizes. Now there had to be thirty different kinds, some plain while others were elaborate in their intricacy. It wasn't even limited to just silver or gold either, there were all kinds of metals and colors and options.

Suddenly he felt a little out of his element.

"You seem lost. Can I help any?" The woman asked.

"Yeah," Dream let out a breath, trying to remember what he had been looking at buying online, but he wasn't seeing the same ones in the store, leaving him floundering. "Umm... okay, I need three rings," he cringed, hoping she wouldn't have anything to say about the number. "And I think they should be... silver?"

Yes! Yes, he remembered Sapnap had bought chains when he went to visit Karl and had opted for silver over anything else. George didn't seem to have a preference, not being a jewelry person, but he also didn't seem to mind the bands they had before.

"Okay, here let me just..." she bent down to unlock the case, sliding the glass panels open to pull out both the displays of rings, setting them on top so they were more easily accessible.

"Can I ask who these are for?" She asked conversationally.

Dream blushed, almost wishing he had just ordered the rings online like a normal person. But then he couldn't give the rings to them before the actual day next week. Sucking it up, he answered.

"My boyfriends."

She paused briefly, Dream could practically see the gears turning in her brain before continuing on as if it was completely normal. "Have you already popped the question?"

Dream scratched at the back of his head, grateful that she wasn't going to be rude. "Kinda. It's a long story."

She hummed. "Alright, tell me about them, what do they like? Do you think they want simple or extravagant?"

"They're the best. I think they would like simple? They don't wear much other jewelry."

She nodded along, listening carefully and helping him narrow it down. He slowly relaxed, growing more confident in his selections and exclusions. He didn't want anything cheap, he wanted something that would last as long as they would. Sticking with silver, they ran down the other options, and finally, there were only two bands left.

One was almost the exact same as the ones they had before only better quality, nothing more than a single band of medium width, no design to it. The other was much the same, only this one had diamonds inset into the band in groups of three around the center, a tiny addition that wouldn't be gaudy or glaringly obvious but if someone looked at it close enough it would be noticeable.

He didn't even really think about it.

"That's the one," he decided, pointing to the latter.

He didn't want an exact replica of the one before. He knew Sapnap probably wouldn't think about it the way Dream did, but he thought by getting it the same as before it would feel as if it were always going to be a Dream and George thing and not Dream, George, and Sapnap. This made his intentions clear, that while they were the ones legally married there were three diamonds for a reason.

"Okay, were you wanting to engrave anything inside the bands?"

He did, but he also couldn't handle waiting. To walk out without physically having the rings with him would drive him crazy until he could pick them up. "Can we bring them back another time for that maybe?"

"Of course."

He smiled, already thinking about what he would inscribe. It would be funny to do something like the 'George is gay' iPad he had gotten so long ago. He wanted to choose something that is only affectionate in their eyes, like idiot or dumbass or some various other insults they threw each other's way daily. You're so dumb roughly translated to I love you, idiot was a term of endearment.

He did his best to guesstimate the correct sizes, assured that because they were not personalized they could be brought back and traded for the correct ones if he was wrong.

The kind woman who had put up with his indecisiveness rang him up, chatting idly. "Two husbands. That's a lucky man."

"I sure am," he smiled brightly, trying and failing to keep the doting tone from his voice.

Rings in hand, he smiled like an idiot the entire way home, giddy with excitement.

Finally, they were getting new ones, and now there were three.

He couldn't wait to give it to them.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed reading! If you wanna chat or anything my Twitter is @Janetbaby99

End Notes

Come talk to me on twitter! I just made a new one @Janetbaby99 if you wanna be friends!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!